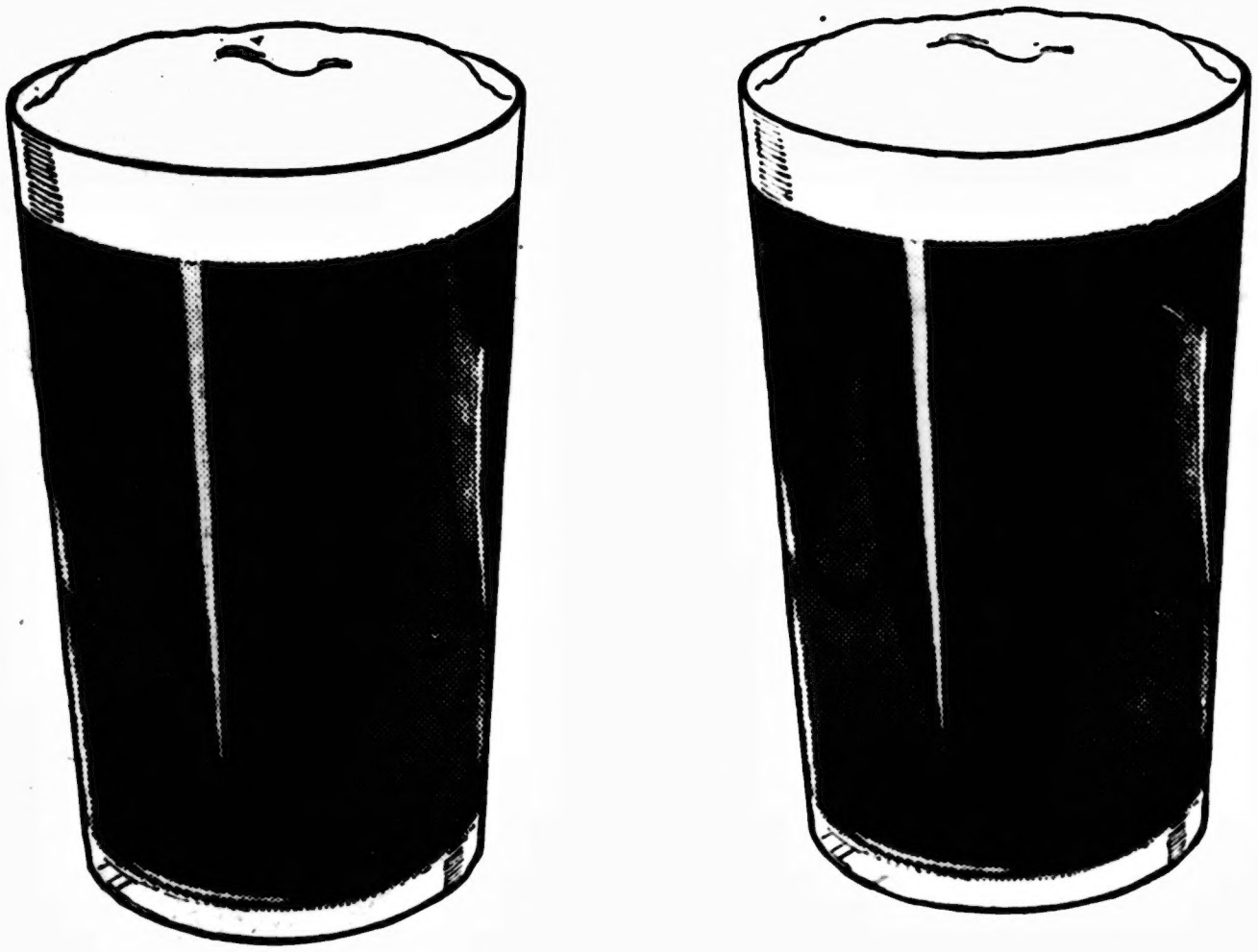
JOHN BULL, JUNE 21, 1930
TWOPENCE

# JOHN BULL

No. 1253.
Vol. XLVII

OVER A MILLION SALE



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**Prepaid Rate: 2s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 27s.**
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WRITE for free descriptive art Booklets containing details of "DECCA" Portable Gramophone models. Write "Decca," Dept. 11, 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9. The advt. appears on page 16.

CRANE'S PIANO and ORGAN offer on page 13 is worth considering. A free illustrated Catalogue No. 240 will bring particulars of how these instruments can be obtained on easy payments.

SEVERAL excellent CYCLE Bargains appear in this issue. Free Catalogues are offered by HUMBER (p. 10), MEAD (p. 12), O'BRIEN (p. 16), SELFRIDGE (P. 23).


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ENTER the "DIPLOMA PETITION" advertised on page other Cash Prizes are offered

THE B.C.G.A., representing Industry, is at your service help on any use of Gas. Turn page 30.

SEND a p.c. to "SUCHARD DEPT., Mather & Crowther, Street, E.C.4, mentioning J particulars of the offer appear

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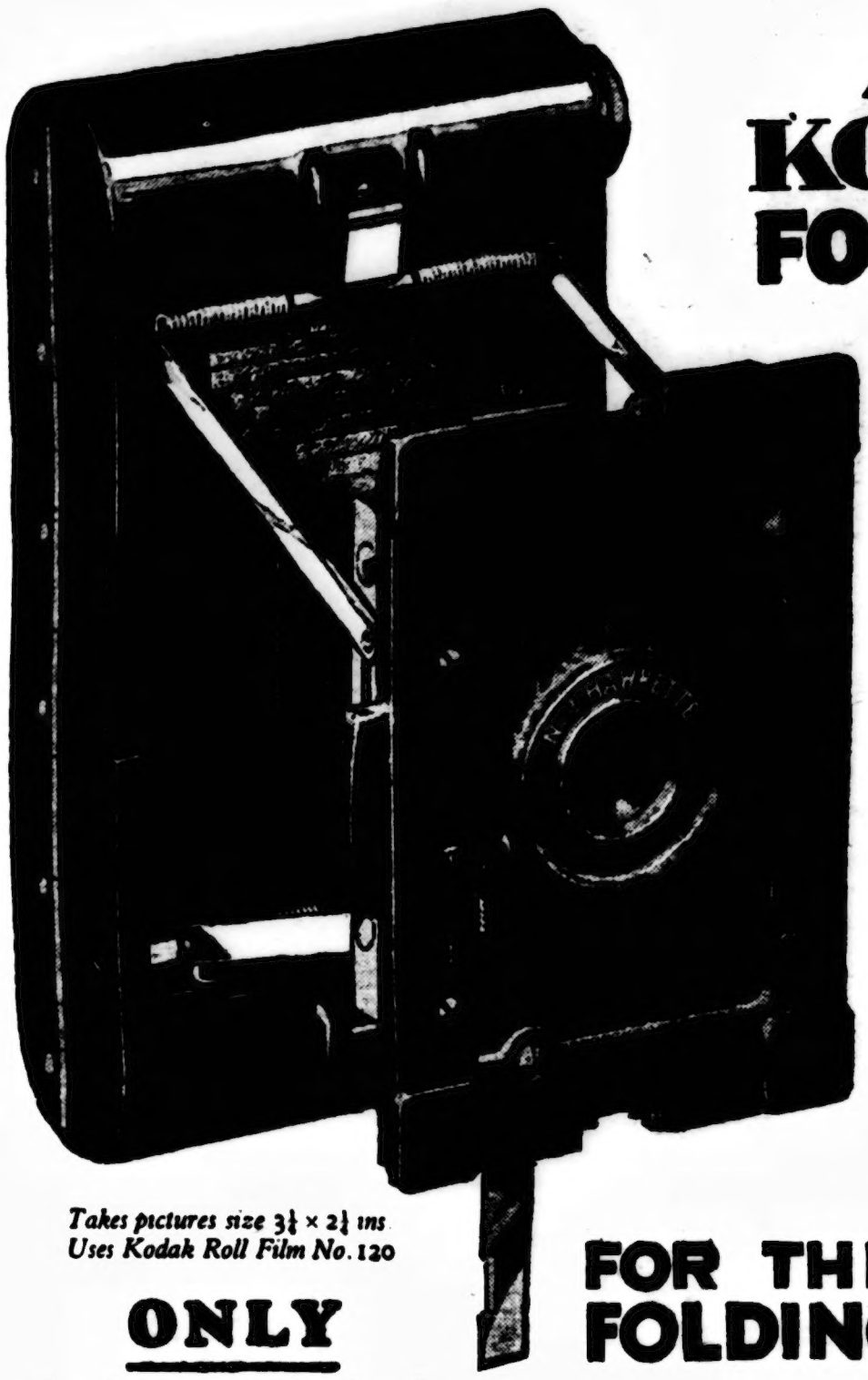

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# JOHN BULL

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THURSDAY. For Week ending Saturday, June 21st, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Price 2d. Ireland and Canada, 3d., all other parts of the world, 4½d.

*"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"*

# Jumping to a National Emergency

## Some of Simon's Secrets

## Too Kind to Criminals

IT is now certain that the Simon Commission Report, when it comes up for discussion in the House of Commons, will be treated by both Conservatives and Liberals as a non-Party issue.

The political truce on India will naturally last until the sittings of the Indian Conference, which opens in the late autumn, are ended.

This means that there is no possibility of an election this year.

### Real bargain

Unemployment, too, can be made a national issue. The stumbling-block at the moment is the Government's Safeguarding policy.

If Mr Snowden will adopt a negative attitude on this question, Mr. MacDonald is practically assured of Conservative good will in a bold unemployment programme.

It is a bargain well worth making.

### Hopeless conspirators

Meanwhile the conspiracy against Mr Baldwin inside his Party continues in the Conservative clubs.

Former M.P.s who lost their seats at the last election and Empire Free Traders are naturally most active.

Unfortunately for them, there is no one commanding sufficient political strength to replace Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is the best substitute, but he is in full agreement with his chief on all the big issues except the referendum on food taxes, and will not be drawn into any revolt.

### Victory!

A good deal has been said in justification of the enormous personal risks accepted by the speed kings on land, sea, and in air, of whom the greatest, Sir Henry Segrave, has paid the full penalty.

Disaster came in the moment of Segrave's greatest triumph in water—he had attained a new world-record of speed.

Speed-tests it is said, are invaluable in the development of mechanical progress. That may or may not be true. We do not care.

We prefer to consider the life of Segrave as one well spent, not because he conquered distance, but because he vanquished fear. That is what matters. Death beat Segrave; but Segrave won the victory.

### The Simon secrets

Secrets of the second volume of the Simon Report are eagerly canvassed.

While reiterating that Dominion Home Rule is the Government's final aim, it will make it quite clear that the realisation of that aim must still remain a long way off.

The view is taken that the establishment of a reliable Indian Army, the raising of the workers' social standards, the improvement in education and the incorporation of the millions of "untouchables" within the body politic will take a long time. Meanwhile, British rule must continue.

Modifications for the purpose of easing the machinery of Government and giving the Indian people more responsibility are likely.

There will probably be a suggestion that a further Commission should be appointed in ten years' time to consider the position then prevailing, and the fitness or otherwise of India for a further share of government.

### Post Office "profits"

The vital importance to the Empire of its airways has again been stressed in most emphatic terms by Lord Thomson, the Secretary for Air.

Yet the Post Office continues to bleed civil aviation as much as it can, and still takes the lion's share of the extra postage levied on air mails.

This easy money—the Post Office does nothing for it—goes to swell the unofficial "tax" of nearly ten million pounds which the Postmaster-General, Mr. Lees Smith, extorts annually from the public under the guise of "working profits."

### Too swift for them

Will Sir Arthur Salter resign his post as Director of the Economic Section of the League of Nations?

*Will she resign?*

His past achievements have been considerable, but latterly his ideas for a trade revival, though widely praised, have been rejected by European nations.

The resignation of Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General, is also rumoured, while Dame Rachel Crowdy is definitely retiring from the Social Section next January.

It looks as if Great Britain will soon be unrepresented in high places at Geneva. The political manœuvres now so evident in the secretariat of the League are too much for British bluntness and idealism.

### Gasbags all

The Imperial Airways' new monarch of the sky is to be fitted with an up-to-date cocktail-bar.

People in this country boast that they have invitations from Paris for a trip in the promised night-club airship which is to cruise over London in defiance of the licensing laws.

There will always be the sensationalists who feel that the only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about.

For the lovers of the gasbags then, this gasbag.

### Treasury brainwave

Certain Treasury officials, at their wits'-end to find new sources of revenue, are casting longing eyes just now at the handsome receipts of motor-coaches.

Their argument is that as railway companies are taxed on their passenger fares, so also should road passenger fares.

But if motor-coach travellers, why not the users of omnibuses and trams?

The matter is, however, being considered in official quarters.

### Getting things done

It is now some years since we suggested better facilities for the purchasing of stamps after post-office closing-hours. The erection of automatic machines outside the main post-offices in the country followed.

Now the Postmaster-General has decided to erect stamp-selling machines at the principal railway stations outside the London area.

You see, these things can be done.

### Very sweet peas

Great efforts are being made to organise the new British canning industry. A large firm in Wisbech is building to treble its output. Another factory is going up in Worcestershire.

With the aid of the Empire Canning Council, British agriculture should considerably benefit from the industry.

The United States has 200,000 acres and France 70,000 acres devoted solely to growing peas for canning. There is no reason why we should not equal France's acreage.

The total nett from the American canning industry is £200,000,000 a year.

### Carries the torch

The annual Advertising Convention will soon assemble at Hastings.

Comic fiction and the films have conspired to make the advertising man a figure of fun. Believe us, he isn't.

He is at least trying to win back prosperity again. The Advertising Association works with might and main to encourage trade. It pays it to do so. More trade means more advertisements.

One recent development launched by the association is the educational scheme, by which it is hoped to raise the quality of advertising throughout Britain.

### Final blow

M. Sokolnikov, the Soviet Ambassador at London, who is at present in Moscow, has made an optimistic report on Anglo-Russian relations since the signing of the trade treaty, and urged that provocative propaganda in this country and in India should cease.

*Working to ease the orders*

At the same time, M. Bron, the Soviet trade representative, is working to increase the estimated Russian orders in Britain for the ensuing year from fifteen to twenty million pounds.

In the light of these facts, we do not anticipate that Mr. Henderson's promised statement on propaganda will call for drastic action.

When the dynamo in Moscow shuts down, the machine in this country will quickly collapse.

The limelight thrown on it in our feature article on pages 20 and 21 may be the last public exposure the Communist Party of Great Britain will merit.

### Stop this foolery!

A first-class struggle is proceeding between several big gold, diamond and copper mining magnates.

Stocks and shares are being thrown overboard regardless of price in order to provide money for the fight.

Most of the participants are not British.

What a pity they cannot find something better to do with their money than make an already shattered Stock Exchange the battleground of their private quarrels.

British trade could well do with some of the hundreds of thousands which are being expended on this fight.

### A tip for the Tyne

New Zealand is not going to depend upon the naval base at Singapore for the docking of large ships. The Dominion authority has enterprisingly decided to possess a great floating-dock of its own.

It is probable that this big order will go to the Tyne. Tenders have already been invited from builders there.

### Our petted rogues

The number of undetected crimes during the past year or eighteen months, and the reasons for the escape of the culprits, ought to be the paramount item on the agenda of the annual conference of Borough and City Chief Constables at Cardiff this week.

The late report of the Royal Commission disclosed in most undesirable fashion the crime-detection methods of the police, and its recommendations were too much in sympathy with the criminal.

Criminals are escaping because of restrictions placed upon the police, and some plain speaking is needed. Edgar Wallace gives a lead on page 7.

# "IF YOU SEE IT—"

(Continued)

## Fool Britannia

Ever since the war the Government has done its best to discourage aircraft inventors and drive them abroad.

It is manifestly absurd that the D.O.R.A. provision compelling inventors and patentees to register the names of those who provide money for experiments and patents should still be in force—especially where the patentee is a British subject.

• • •

Equally mad is it that the inventor be compelled to submit drawings of new machines before they are built.

We know of an aircraft inventor who is now building in France because of these obstacles, and because he was not allowed to compete for the £50,000 helicopter prize unless he handed over his drawings to the "experts."

That's the way we lost the aniline dyes.

## A man we admire

In addressing the women's section of the Bath Labour Party, Mr. John R. Charmbury, a member of the executive of the National Society for Lunacy Law Reform, congratulated JOHN BULL on the support lent to Colonel Josiah Wedgwood in his opposition to the infamous Mental Treatment Bill.

JOHN BULL is still shoulder to shoulder with the gallant colonel in such crusades. A few more Members like him and politics would soon cease to be a sham.

## No remedy

In 1903 a woman was placed in a mental home on the petition of her husband.

*He prodded the Minister*

Upon her discharge last August she sought to take legal action against the doctors who had certified her—but she cannot do so under the Statute of Limitations.

A patient who thinks that she has been wrongfully confined for twenty-six years is thus unable to take her grievance to the courts.

The Minister of Health, informed of the case by Mr. F. Gould, M.P., admits the difficulty, but says that he cannot undertake at present to introduce legislation to deal with the point. We hope that he will soon find time to do so.

## Dud matches

British housewives can help to stem the flood of cheap and dangerous foreign-made matches on the home market.

These are sold at the rate of twopence a dozen cheaper than those of British make, but instead of containing fifty matches, the dumped boxes contain only forty.

Besides, the matches are dangerous. Few can be struck without the heads flying off.

## A woman with vision

The Ideal Holidays Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, is something quite new. And it is the outcome of a woman's enterprise.

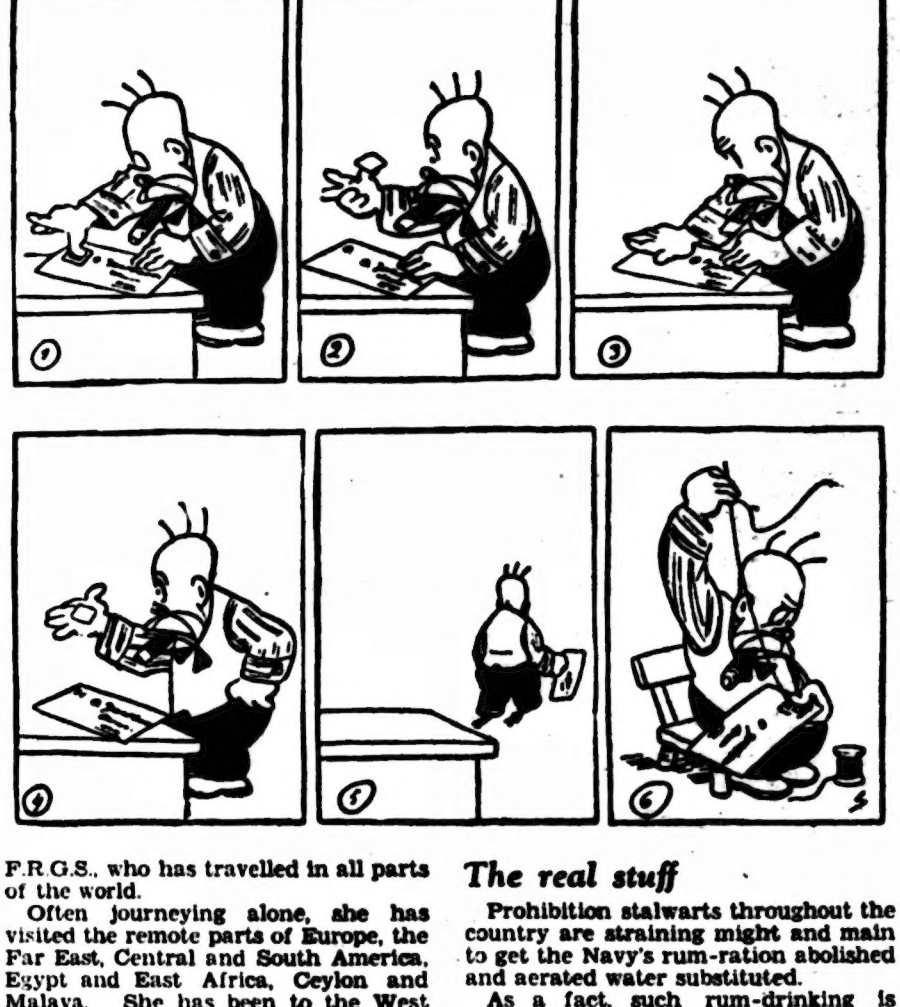
She is Miss Edith A. Browne, F.R.G.S., who has travelled in all parts of the world.

Often journeying alone, she has visited the remote parts of Europe, the Far East, Central and South America, Egypt and East Africa, Ceylon and Malaya. She has been to the West Indies five times.

As organising manager for the exhibition, all her experience is being consecrated to the possibility of opening up more and more of the world's strange places to tourists of moderate means.

It is a vast project.

## ADAMSON— Can't be Licked




## Christian England

What is the sense of this?

Several families were living comfortably and decently in barges on the canal adjoining Kingsway, Stoke (Staffs). Before they got their quarters they were miserably housed.

For some reason ejectment orders were granted. The men resisted, and were sent to prison.

Thereafter the wives and children, with all their furniture, were decanted on the towing-path. It is brutal, meaningless.

But an R.S.P.C.A. worker has visited the families to see to the welfare of any evicted pets.

Wonderful!

## One bright spot

Unstinted praise is being raised in the Union of South Africa for the British motor industry—that in a country where Yankee cars have ruled for years.

At the recent Johannesburg motor show British motors and motor-cycles scored a sensational victory. In appearance, finish, performance and price the British exhibits beat all comers, say the experts.

A big jump in our exports to the Union is foreshadowed in consequence.

## Touts in trousers

London and the big provincial towns are sick and tired of the pavement pests who make a glance into certain tailors' shop-windows more a peril than a pleasure.

As much as a peep and a smirking face is pushed into one's vision, a pasteboard card into one's hand, and an oily voice begins, whether encouraged or not, to induce the passer-by to enter the establishment.

Rural visitors often discover themselves ordering unwanted outfits before they realise what has happened.

## The real stuff

Prohibition stalwarts throughout the country are straining might and main to get the Navy's rum-ration abolished and aerated water substituted.

As a fact, such rum-drinking is rapidly going out of favour in the Senior Service without the intervention of Pussyfoot.

This is mainly because the average bluejacket prefers a glass of beer. Why not supply him with it?

## The cannon's roar

Miss Cannon, an Oldham delegate to the Labour Women's London Conference, says that "it is unfair that women should be moved from jobs to make room for ex-Service men."

Queer, isn't it? And a few years ago these ex-Service men were such great fellows.

Miss Cannon ought to tell us, too, how many of those ex-Service men are supporting families, and how many of those women are living at home.

## Shop assistants' peril

As the Consumers' Council Bill now stands, shop-assistants may be asked to give information to the council or its officers with regard to certain profiteering devices that are "tricks of the trade."

*Black coat for the black-coats*

If they refuse—and their unions, believing ramps should be exposed, are against refusal—they will be liable to prosecution.

If they accede, they are likely to get short shrift at the hands of their employers afterwards.

Mr. Rhys Davies, M.P., himself once a black-coat worker, hopes to obtain a compromise protecting shop-assistants.

## "Justice—Strictly Cash"

It has been objected to our recent article, "Justice—Strictly Cash," that the powers given to magistrates by the Poor Prisoners' Defence Bill not stressed.

These powers are limited to the provision *prisoners*, and full dis the magistrates.

We were chiefly inter greater number of law who, through poverty to obtain their rights hire-purchase, workm tion, landlord and ten

## William the slacker

William Kershaw, of Birkdale, is the "nev pion.

Rather than go to w himself to be drage Court, charged with infant child.

He recently threw cause toil and he did blandly confessed tha "sign on for the dol might be offered emp

Kershaw rises at no mother-in-law's expe billiard-saloons, whil wife sells bits of the h

The case has been medical opinion—thou states that he is fit a

Kershaw is said to b man, but he is not work.

## He moves on

We suppose that in with it, M. Smith, of Road, Ilford, depends ning his little comp somebody does, he has

Under the alias or the National Sport Agency, M. Smith ha "Tatt's" Telegrams. ticket, and if certain of horses won you got is, you were owed a pri

Disappointed prizewi ing for M. Smith. Wh it now?

## Phantom jobs

Miss Margaret Bond it her business to see repetition of the sca jobs being offered at changes.

A London shop-assi porarily deprived of h cause she refused to ta canvasser, at a shockin pay, for a firm said to d cleaners.

But the exchange the mysterious firm.

The Umpire very pr the woman's benefit t was justified in refusi said, even if there had employment availabl doubted.

So do we.

## The deadly hoo-ray

Recently we showed the father of the Amer "Jackie Hoo-Ray," alias organising competitions film-stars, and leaving stranded.

Well, this gentleman to his native America, touched on Canada, the same game there. mail your photo to Jac rest follows. Black or a star on the film.

Those who have to Hoo-Ray" in the film stop this sort of thing.

## A new brother

The symbolic process which is to be seen at Manchester pleasure-gro 28, will have 2,000 acto moving tableaux.

It will represent th workaday North, and wi troduce a new and vigo the new *Daily Herald* of in Manchester.

A gala day at Belle Vi val delights prepared guests, will be a happy the launching of the Northern Edition on July

# The Plague of MURDERS

## by Edgar Wallace

THE Chief Constables are holding their annual conference in Cardiff, and they are discussing the question of a better co-ordination between the various police forces with the object of preventing and detecting crime.

Let us boil this bald statement down to its fact that there is in London one super-efficient Criminal Investigation Department, and that department is at Scotland Yard.

The Chief Constables of England have the right and the privilege of calling upon the London C.I.D. to assist them in dealing with homicide investigation, and to their credit it may be said that they generally avail themselves of the opportunity.

The snag, however, is that the C.I.D. of Scotland Yard is sometimes called upon when the scent is so cold that it is impossible to run the quarry to earth.

Local police forces are properly proud of their own efficiency. They are naturally a little jealous about calling in outsiders.

Generally the crime seems to be susceptible to a fairly easy solution. All that is necessary is that a few enquiries should be made, a few suspected persons questioned, and a search or two conducted, and apparently the motive for and the perpetrator of the deed will be brought to light.

UNFORTUNATELY, by the time the local police forces discover that their earlier theories are wrong, two or three days may have passed, and they are usually two or three very valuable days.

Then Scotland Yard is called in and expected to perform miracles.

What is needed very badly is that there should be one central Criminal Investigation Department for the whole of England, and that that should be separate and distinct from the uniform branch, and should have its posts in every great town throughout the length and breadth of the country.

It should be staffed by men trained at Scotland Yard. If this were done there would be no overlapping of authority. The Chief Constables of various counties would have just as much authority over the C.I.D. operating in their area as would make for efficiency and discipline.

In fact, more or less the same system should prevail in the country as exists in London, where the C.I.D. is attached to various police-stations, which have their own divisional inspector who works with, but not under, the superintendent in control of the division, except in so far as they are under him for disciplinary purposes.

It would be only natural if the Chief Constables should discuss what has the appearance of being a crime wave, or rather a homicide wave, which has swept through the country during the past few weeks.

What is the cause of this wave?

There are many reasons assigned. One of them—the most fantastical—is the possibility that capital punishment will be abolished.

I think one can dismiss that "cause" even without consideration. Murderers never imagine they will be caught and punished. They are firm in the faith that they will escape the consequences of their villainy.

OTHERWISE it is impossible to imagine a man standing over a woman with a knife in his hand and saying: "If I cut her throat I shall not be hanged—I shall only go to prison for life."

The idea that potential murderers should weigh the possibilities of light punishment in a period when three men have gone to the gallows is grotesque.

Another view is that the summer brings certain mysterious influences which make for murder. One often sees it stated that the period of the South-Easter in the Cape Province and the Sirocco in Spain and South Europe coincides with the wave of murder.

Very likely it is true, because both the South-Easter and the Sirocco only come in the hot months, and it is in the hot months that murder is most prevalent.

When you think of crimes you visualise them in the surroundings which are proper to every form of anti-social activity. You picture dark streets and thick alleys, cold and sunless cities.

But the fact is that in the dark days of winter crimes of violence, offences against the person and homicides are much rarer than in the hot, blistering sunlight of the summer.

We have seen in the last month a succession of horrible crimes. Mainly they have been committed in the open, and in that sentence is explained why murder crimes are more prevalent—especially murder crimes in which women are concerned—in the warm days than in the cold.

Men and women are creatures of convention. They are tied and bound by certain rules and regulations which they obey without knowing why or even that they are obeying them.

We are tied to houses: we live and sleep in them, or have our work and recreation in them.

If something happens in a room, if we are tempted to commit an assault or behave unusually in a room, the consciousness that we identify ourselves with the room, and that we are, so to speak, exposed to public gaze, is quite sufficient to act as a deterrent.

## LINKS IN THE CHAIN

*THE Conference of Chief Constables will discuss the murder wave this week. Three of the big men (left to right): Sir Charles Rafter, Birmingham; Mr. John Maxwell, Manchester; Mr. Lionel Everett, Liverpool*

The places where we live and with which we are identified impose upon us certain rules of conduct and certain responsibilities.

The instinct to murder is a common and natural instinct.

There is hardly one of us who has not at some period of his life experienced a desire to sweep some enemy out of existence; but normal men and women exercise the necessary control to check that impulse at its birth.

In the open spaces of the country we lose this sense of responsibility. We may not commit murder, but it is much easier to break the law in the open than it is within the enclosure of walls.

WE are not overlooked; the nearest human being may be miles away and certainly is invisible; there is nobody sleeping upstairs or living downstairs; no neighbour behind the wall.

We are alone under the sky and the sense of our solitude and the sense of our separation from authority is so intense that I have known even the most law-abiding citizens commit acts of wanton damage without any reason whatever.

It is a very delicate matter to discuss relationships of men and women.

Lovers—good, bad and indifferent—have been since the world began, and the warm evenings and the natural desire for solitude take them away from the observation of their fellows and generally produce nothing more criminal than what one might expect in the circumstances.

To the brute the dark, warm night offers opportunities and temptations which, if he is a man without scruples and without remorse, he will take.

He may not go to the length of murder, but there are scores of cases where he has not stopped far short. Most of the Dusseldorf murders were committed on warm nights.

It is not the beneficent rays of the sun that have an evil effect upon human nature or that men's nerves are jagged and their reason unbalanced which turns men into beasts and women into gibbering fools.

IF you have any doubt on this subject, go the rounds of the assizes and hear the amazing crimes that are brought against men who live apart from their fellows in the loneliness of moor and heath and cottage.

There is nothing evilly dynamic in the warmth and crystal-clear sunlight, in the flowering gardens and the spreading trees.

The murder season is the summer season because it is the out-of-doors season, because it lures people away from the habitations of men and the moral forces which are exercised by congregations of humanity.

The lure of murder is the lure of the great out-of-doors.

CANDID COMMUNICATION

# Not a Bomb, After All!

## *Think of the Waste, Philip!—Wage Wives will be Dull*
## *Why Should the Y.M.C.A.?*

**Com. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.,**
***4, North Street, London, S.W.***

DEAR COMMANDER,—You are barking up the wrong tree.

The British Communists are a negligible body. They merely bob up like a jack-in-the-box at the precise moment when trouble is about.

You will find it all explained by Gilbert Frankau in this issue.

Your "Fling Out the Communist" demonstrations are no doubt quite honestly directed against any kind of treaty with Russia.

But you are merely hindering the resumption of that very trade which we need to make Britain busy and happy again.

If you only thundered against Red propaganda in the Indian powder-magazine and asked for sharp penalties, I should not object.

In Britain it is simply nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,**
***Chancellor of the Exchequer***

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—Can you mean to re-establish the Land Valuation Department as a preliminary to a land-values tax?

If so, you have forgotten the deplorable waste from 1910 onwards in collecting data, with hordes of officials eating up all the revenues?

Why cannot landlords themselves ascertain the values of their holdings, under compulsion to render a truthful return within, say, six months? Income-tax law penalties to apply.

Intricate businesses of all sorts have to render income-tax returns without official assistance. Is the landlord a privileged person? Or are there Civil Servants in need of a good job?

Australia did it out of hand. But then Australia is such a little island.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. A. J. COOK,**
***Secretary, Miners' Federation***

DEAR COOK,—I can well understand your regret that the Prime Minister has not seen the necessity for placing at the head of the Mines Department a miners' representative who understands the technicalities of the industry.

But who would you put in Shinwell's place?

There is much to be said for your contention that the Secretary for Mines should have practical experience of mining, but by the same token the mine-owners might claim a right to the post.

In the circumstances, there may be wisdom in the appointment of someone unbiased.

JOHN BULL.

**The MINISTER OF JUSTICE,**
***Amsterdam***

DEAR SIR,—Your new law fixing wages for wives wouldn't suit us. Most wives would get much less than they do now, and there'd be no fun getting it.

Worse still, there would never be that extra bit—that loving gift—the new hat or what not.

No, sir, the British idea is that marriage is not a business contract, but a friendly arrangement.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. W. CLARKE HALL,**
***Magistrate, Old Street, London, E.C.***

DEAR MR. CLARKE HALL,—Your appeal for the sympathetic interest of the community in friendless East-End boys who are exposed to dangerous influences gains force from the very human story you told the Public Health Congress.

Visiting an industrial school, you spoke encouragingly to a lad you had sent there.

He produced from under his jersey a tattered piece of paper which he had carried next his heart for a whole year. It was a letter from you—the only letter he had ever received.

Small wonder that you now send four hundred such letters at Christmas-time to your boys, as you so affectionately call the young delinquents with whom you have to deal.

God bless you.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir W. A. WATERLOW,**
***Lord Mayor of London***

MY LORD MAYOR,—No one would wish to decry the appeal you have made for funds for the Y.M.C.A., an organisation held in high esteem by all who served in the war.

Your explanation of the financial difficulty in which it finds itself as being due to its expenditure on the needs of troops in garrisons abroad and training-camps at home, however, raises an important issue.

In peace time, the whole of those services should be rendered by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes.

There must be something wrong with the latter to necessitate such enormous expenditure by the Y.M.C.A.

JOHN BULL.

**Sir BANISTER FLETCHER, F.S.A.,**
***Royal Institute of British Architects***

SIR,—We look to you, as president of the annual conference of the official organisation of British architects, to give the country a lead.

Ancient by-laws made long before the use of structural steel and concrete hinder good modern building, and the countryside is disfigured by shoddy and ill-planned structures.

Frame a progressive measure which will also stop reckless jerry-building.

JOHN BULL.

**Miss GIBBS,**
***Head Teacher, Liverpool***

DEAR MADAM,—The resolution you moved and carried at the Scarborough Conference of Head Teachers was very silly.

To say that children are injured by taking part in public entertainments or pantomimes is to show an utter ignorance of pantomimes and children.

Tires the children in ... does it? Bless you, ... would be playing just a... streets, only not enjoyin... as much.

The little things love ... them good. Also, it give... the clever of them to en... ing, and of rising perh...

But no doubt you thi... machine-tending more ...

**LORD BEAVERBROOK,**
***Shoe Lane, London, E.C.***

MY LORD,—I observe ... a half-page of su... your Empire Free Trad...

In a campaign so clo... the Dominions, how mu... money was there includ... I fear, little indeed.

You know that if you ... round in such a cause in ... Dominion, Australia, yo... handed an occasional p... same gentle spirit of ... with which coppers are th... severing but not very ... musicians.

JOHN BULL.

## STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

GEORGE LANSBURY: "No ... drunk if he has his wife ... with him."

*Is that why he has ... children outside?*

• • •

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: ... Socialist ship is beginning ...

*Can he suggest any cru... worthy?*

• • •

LORD THOMSON: "The air ... chief line of defence."

*But not hot air.*

• • •

SIR LESLIE WILSON: "Eighty-five per cent. of the Indian people ... no interest in politics."

*With us it's about 90 per ...*

**Not from the B.B.C.—Scottish Nationalists wait for the Command—**

# FIX—*Fountain-Pens!*

SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled
To Abraham's bosom long have fled;
Their spirit, though, is far from dead—
Here it will be found!
This the Sassenach will learn
When we stage our latest turn
On the field of Bannockburn—
Scotia's holy ground.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
But against the Southron clan
We're united to a man,
As with eager eyes we scan
Battlefields to be.

Not with claymores swinging high,
Bagpipes belching to the sky,
March we, as in days gone by.
Weapons crude we spurn;
But our words are words of might,
Pamphlets fierce will we indite.
And with fountain-pens we'll fight,
A bloodless Bannockburn!

Hoots, mon!—pray forgive the tribal ejaculation, inspired by the fervour of the moment—what happened at Bannockburn in 1314 is nothing to what will take place on June 21, 1930, when the fierce clansmen of the Scottish Nationalist Movement assemble on the more or less duly authenticated field of Bannockburn to demand Home Rule for bonnie Scotland.

• • •

Too long we have squirmed beneath the oppressor's heel! For too long have we been in bondage to the banks of Threadneedle Street and the brays of Westminster!

What shall it profit Caledonia stern and wild that her national "spirit" is known wherever the magic phrase "Comeanaveone" is understood if her sons must still bow the knee to the Saxon tyrant?

Does the fact that Harry Lauder has despoiled the civilised world of its superfluous bawbees reconcile the patriots of Ecclefechan and Craigenp... governed from Fogville-o...

The situation is intol... will soon be changed. O... Trouble is browst! Our ... flow! Our tongues itch ... their scabbards!

Lochiel had less need to ...
day
Than the Lowlands when ...
battle array,
To tell the whole world ...
with a yawn—
That freedom for Scotland ...
dawn.

What Scot who remembers ...
Bruce
Would wish to maintain ...
a truce?
Home Rule is our aim, ...
the last drop
Of our whisky to place ...
on top.

As proof of how dear is the ...
heart,
A Fighting Fund we are ...
start!
We're ready, aye, ready to ...
pact
With England—though ...
hang in the act!

*A warrior-statesman —Major C. R. Attlee, Oxford man, barrister, ex-Mayor of Stepney. Fabian, I.L.P. member, private secretary to Ramsay MacDonald, 1922-24*

*Col. G. Lane Fox, war wounds; Unionist M.P. for Barkston Ash, Yorks, since 1906; barrister, alderman, Secretary for Mines, 1922-24 and 1925-28. Fond of sport*

*Many decorations — Viscount Burnham. Sporting squire in his rare leisure; presided International Labour Conference, Geneva, 1921-22. Public health enthusiast*

**The seven members of the Commission who drafted the India Report:**
*Sir John Simon, Bart., Liberal, whose work as chairman has attracted world-wide admiration*

*President S. Wales Miners' Federation. Vernon Hartshorn Postmaster-General 1924 on many vital coal committees. Succeeds J. H. Thomas as Lord Privy Seal*

*Lord Strathcona, war service, Parliamentary Private Secretary to First Lord of Admiralty, 1925. Cambridge man. M.P. for North Cumberland, 1922-26*

*Another barrister, Oxford man, and ex-Service man. Edward C. G. Cadogan was Secretary to the Speaker. Unionist M.P. for Finchley since 1924.*

# 12,000,000 *Words of Wisdom*

## by A. G. GARDINER

**NEVER in its history has this country had a tougher problem to face than that presented in the Simon Commission Report. The issue at stake is not only the fate of India, but the fate of the British Empire of which India is the central and vital link.**

**If we are to survive the challenge that India has thrown down, we shall need all the wisdom, all the firmness, all the tolerance and all the statesmanship at our command.**

**Let us try to see clearly and think clearly about this great matter.**

**First as to the report itself. It is enormous. That is a great and rare merit for which both India and Britain owe a debt of gratitude to Sir John Simon and his colleagues. If they had spent their vast labours in disagreement we might have despaired.**

**But speaking with one voice and representing all Parties, they give this nation a decisive lead in the great task before us.**

**What that lead is we shall know on Tuesday next when the second volume of the report will be issued containing the conclusions and recommendations.**

**In the meantime, we have during the past week had the nature of the problem laid bare in the first volume of the report.**

**And what a problem it is! No simple issue here, a small country and a homogeneous people, like that of the Irish Republic or Ireland; but vast, complex, intractable.**

**When we think of India we have to think in terms of a continent.**

### *In the dark still*

**In this mighty realm a population greater than that of Europe, a race, speaking one language, worshipping one God, imbued with one civilisation; but multitudes of religions, from idol-worship to Christianity, and a couple of hundred languages and dialects.**

**And to this that three-quarters of the people are on the land, living in village communities more akin to the dark ages than to twentieth-century conditions, and it will be seen that the problem of India is unlike anything else—perhaps China.**

**It is aggravated by the clash of the two dominant religions—Hinduism and Mohammedanism—which divide India into two camps and civilisations—seventy million in the one, two hundred million in the other.**

**The fierce religious antagonism of these two creeds, unlike anything existing in the European world, is the fire that boils under India, and may burst into perpetual conflict, and is kept within some limits only by the neutral and pacifying influence of British control.**

**It is that control which alone has given India for a century a peace and a security enjoyed by no other country in the world.**

**Take that control away, and the fate of poor China, trampled for a generation beneath the heel of competing war-lords, would be its fate.**

**Already we see as the first fruits of rebellion the tribesmen sweeping down to the plains with fire and slaughter.**

**Let the rebellion succeed and the Khyber Pass be open, and the Afridis and the Afghans after them would descend like a destroying fire upon India.**

### *Enslaved millions*

**There is no record of government comparable with the record of Britain in India, judge it by whatever test you like—the security from attack, the administration of justice, the conquest of plague, the conquest of famine.**

**And all with an army and a civil service so small that a single European country would think a miracle had happened if it could enjoy such security at such little cost.**

**From whom then, in the face of all this, comes the cry that the British rule shall be abolished and the British themselves swept into the sea?**

**Not from the independent Indian States or the Indian princes. They do not want to see India wrecked.**

**Not from the Moslems. They do not want to exchange the mild yoke of an impartial neutral for the yoke of a rival religion.**

**Not even from the Hindus as a mass, for the fifty millions of "untouchable" Hindus know how little mercy they have to expect from the system that enslaves and dooms them from birth.**

**Mainly it comes from the small, rich and powerful Brahmin caste, the aristocratic feudal overlords of Hinduism, who hope to capture India, not for the Indians, but for a ruling caste.**

**In a word, the extremist movement in India is not a people's movement, it is an aristocratic caste movement.**

**It is a movement not to free India, but to put it in chains to a privileged religion and the privileged caste of a privileged religion.**

**With that conspiracy we must deal with a firm and decisive hand.**

**But we must be no less firm and decisive in constructive work.**

**Apart from the extremists, there is a deepening and legitimate demand that India should move more rapidly towards the goal of self-government.**

**That goal is still far off, not because we do not desire to reach it, but because the vastness and complexity of India make it difficult to reach it.**

**We took a step forward ten years ago in the Montagu reforms, which set up the provincial legislatures and gave Indians a substantial measure of self-government.**

**The time has come to revise, amend and enlarge that scheme.**

### *The lines are clear*

**It was to prepare a policy to that end that the Simon Commission was set up two and a half years ago.**

**I do not pretend to any exclusive knowledge of what the Commission will propose. But certain things seem clear, from the volume published.**

**It is clear, for example, that the dyarchy experiment in provincial government, set up in the Montagu scheme, has failed and must go. There must be a substantial increase of responsible government in the provinces.**

**The provincial legislatures must become governing institutions, subject only to the overriding power of the central government. The services will doubtless suffer, but that risk must be taken and that price paid.**

**There can be no central legislation directly elected by the people as in England. Remember India is as big as Europe, infinitely more backward, and infinitely more complex.**

**We must adopt the federal system which has been so successful in America, where the States are each self-governing and federated with an executive at the head.**

**Everything points to an all-India federal scheme, in which not only the provinces of British India will be represented, but the Indian States also.**

**This federal Parliament will function under the veto of the British executive, which remains as the one possible co-ordinating power in this confusion of conflicting interests.**

### *Not yet!*

**The time will come when that power can be removed and India can take its place as one of the self-governing dominions.**

**But the time is not yet. Whether it is near or far off depends on the speed with which India can adjust itself to the arts and tolerances of self-government.**

**Let us hope that when the Simon scheme comes before the Round Table Conference the responsible mind of India will show that it is prepared to work with the statesmanship of Britain for the solution of the greatest problem that has ever confronted either country.**

## *What use are—* ACTORS?

### by LESLIE HENSON

**CONSIDERING that once upon a time we were regarded as rogues and vagabonds, it might be thought that actors are no use at all.**

**But when, over and over again, one meets people who have paid to go into a theatre to see your show, and then come round and shake hands effusively and thank you for having given them a good time, well—perhaps we do fill some sort of long-felt want.**

**Actors are only of use for entertainment. They do not pretend to serve the community in any other way, and if they can succeed in doing that they justify their existence.**

**Maybe sometimes one thinks that the world would be a better place without them; but, bless you, the war taught a lesson in that respect, and there is no getting away from the fact that the actor was as necessary as the enemy.**

**The authorities realised how essential entertainment was for the relaxation and morale of the troops, and—they saw they got it.**

**I have scores of letters from pals whom I have never met, but who simply wrote a few words of thanks for a smile or two when they came down the line!**

**My pay in France was 125 francs a month, but I got more real kick out of the shows I put on out there than I got for the £125 a week I might get after I came back.**

**Although even over here, when all is safe, one feels that he is doing something worth while when he gets a letter from an unknown such as I had recently.**

**The writer told me how a few days before he had gone to Harley Street, where he had been given his death-sentence. Only one thing could save him—a trip to Africa.**

**A bunch of friends gave him a little dinner and booked seats for the show in which I happened to be appearing.**

**He thanked me for three hours of good laughter, and said that he was going out to Africa with the will to live.**

**The good, honest laugh had done him good. It had acted as a stimulant, and—he would come and see me when he got back.**

**So, in one case at any rate, the actor was of some use.**

# Who sees your hands?

## Your Fiancé...

He will delight in the beauty of your face. Do not let neglect of your hands spoil his pleasant thoughts of you.

To improve rough hands out of all recognition does not require half the time or money that you spend on your face.

Make them beautiful with—

**Glymiel** (JB)

Tubes **6d & 1/-** Jelly Handbag size - **3d**

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# FAMOUS FORTUNE-TELLER Exposed

## TURNED DOWN BY SCOTLAND YARD!

*Frau Plaat is here seen demonstrating her psychic powers to Mr. Harry Price, under whose auspices she is visiting England*

ANOTHER crime-wave is sweeping Britain, and our great experts at Scotland Yard are at present grappling with a batch of new murder mysteries which are taxing all their powers.

Yet a woman seer, Frau Lotte Plaat, is in our midst who, if her myriad amazing claims are true, could solve these problems with the greatest ease.

So unbounded is her confidence that she has actually offered her services to Scotland Yard in connection with the barefooted woman mystery.

A polite refusal from the authorities has left her unabashed.

### Amazing claims

A Dutchwoman from Oldenberg, she has installed at 16, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, London, which incidentally houses a concern called the National Laboratory for Psychical Research.

The founder of this latter movement is a Mr. Harry Price, of Pulborough, near Horsham, Sussex, and it is apparently under its auspices that Frau Plaat is here.

In view of the flood of eulogistic publicity which has been obtained for Frau Plaat we think we ought to reveal that the National Laboratory for Psychical Research has nothing to do with the old-established and truly scientific Society for Psychical Research of Tavistock Square, W.C., which has exposed many fake mediums.

Mr Price's society is noted for giving mediums of the calibre of its latest visitor, Frau Plaat, a chance to show what they can do.

For example, a short time ago an Austrian medium, named Rudi Schneider gave a "scientific test" there which was a complete fiasco.

Herr Schneider went into three trances in the presence of a distinguished audience, who were kept waiting patiently for three hours.

Nothing phenomenal transpired save that Herr Schneider periodically emitted noises suggestive of an engine letting off steam.

### Why "test" failed

Eventually a lady named Olga, the medium's "trance personality," explained that the "test" had failed because there was antagonism in the room!

The claims of Frau Plaat surpass any we have ever encountered. Her weird gifts are apparently limitless, enabling her at will to "live back" in the days of ancient Greece and to disclose secrets of its people and customs.

The affairs of people living and dead are an open book to Frau Plaat. All she requires is some relevant article belonging to them, upon which to cast her fascinating eyes.

Her supernatural powers reveal amazing versatility. Lost dogs have been found for their owners; stolen valuables have been restored when all other efforts to trace them have failed murderers have been brought to book.

Even museum-treasured relics have, she avers, imparted psychic messages to her to the effect that they are "stolen."

We have put her powers to an independent test by inviting a prominent writer, who is not on the staff of JOHN BULL, to interview Frau Plaat at Queensberry Place.

He was granted a guinea "sitting" in the "laboratory," the details of which make interesting reading.

Frau Plaat made a very bad start. After handling the visitor's cigarette-case for a moment, she pressed her hand to her right side and asked him whether he had a pain there.

When he replied in the negative, the psychometrist, as she terms herself, declared ominously that he had a weak place there, though perhaps he did not know it!

### He didn't know

He then learnt for the first time in his life that he suffered from nervous pains in the head, which were more severe on the right brow than on the left.

Frau Plaat then indulged in a little sympathetic flattery, during which she asked her visitor several questions—an old trick of mediums to glean the facts on which they base their subsequent "readings."

For instance, she asked the author (who smiled to himself at her "discovery" that his work entailed the incessant calculation of dry figures) if he understood the meaning of a French word she had used, as if by accident, in her conversation.

He signified his assent, and a little later in the "reading" she pronounced confidently that he spoke French fluently."

Most of her "reading" was hopelessly at fault. Her "psychic qualities" attributed to him a knowledge of the foreign languages of the South, but none of those of the North.

She was utterly wrong, for the author in question has a perfect command of Russian and German, but knows nothing of Spanish or Italian, which Frau Plaat had confidently specified.

She then told him that he had spent a long time in South Africa. He has never been there.

Next, saying that she felt a pain in her left side and knee, Frau Plaat told her visitor that it referred to a war wound in his left wrist.

The truth is that, though he served he was never wounded in the war.

About her only correct conjecture regarding him was that he had had a big shock in 1914. A pretty safe guess, since the outbreak of the war was a big shock to most people!

The author, who by this time had diagnosed Frau Plaat's performance as a "frost," next handed her a gold wrist-watch.

### A puzzled seer

This had been sent to the author by the Editor of JOHN BULL, and belonged to a member of the staff, whom the author had never seen, and of whom he knew nothing, except that he is a man.

Again Frau Plaat started badly, by suggesting that the watch belonged to the author's wife she had already gleaned that he was married.

When informed that the owner was a man, she asked if he were alive, and seemed to be in great difficulties when told that the author knew nothing of him at all.

With nothing to guide her save her "psychic powers," she heroically gave a vivid description of the owner of the watch.

### Sadly at sea

To start with she stated that he was the author's employer.

She pictured him as a short, broad-shouldered man, with an oval face, pointed chin, and marked curve in the back of his head; with straight, narrow lips, two sharp lines beside the mouth and high cheek-bones.

His eyes were deep-set and dark grey-blue in colour, she declared, his temples were close together, and his ears very small.

This description is wrong in every detail except two.

But she did not stop there. The owner of the watch, she added, was very nervy and untidy, unable to concentrate and often rude to his subordinates, and suffered from high blood pressure.

All are ridiculously far from the truth, and the last pronouncement in particular shows how dangerous a woman of this type could be in causing alarm to credulous folk.

Frau Plaat rather gave herself away when, in conclusion, she was asked if the owner of the watch was married.

"If I said 'Yes,'" she answered cautiously, "I should be guessing. I can't tell you."

It seems a great pity that she did not take this easy chance to pick one winner.

As a matter of fact, he is, and the watch—a present from his wife—has uncannily refused to function since it left the fascinating fingers of Frau Plaat.

### Not wanted

This, then, is the woman who has offered her occult services in murder cases.

Her present mission in England is, according to Mr. Price, of the National Laboratory for Psychical Research, to "lend herself to science."

But any contribution she can make represents a loan which British science could well do without.

# An ODD C.O.D. Trick

A SLOUGH housewife was pleasantly surprised the other day when a smart, blue delivery van drew up before her home, and one of the messengers in charge came briskly up her garden-path with an interesting-looking parcel.

"Eastern Express Delivery Company," said the man, saluting respectfully. "Three-and-nine to pay."

The parcel was addressed to the woman's husband, so she took it in and paid the requisite cash on-delivery fee.

The messenger promptly made out an official-looking receipt-slip, saluted again, and rejoined his companion at the wheel of the van.

When the householder came home that evening he was even more surprised to find the parcel waiting for him than his wife had been on its delivery.

And, when the wrappings were removed, a further shock was in store for both of them: the parcel contained nothing but old rubbish.

This cunningly-staged doorstep coup has been repeated with equal success by the same two unknown men in various parts of the country.

They evidently select names and addresses from local directories, and are always careful to time their visits when the husbands are away at work.

They keep the fees down to a reasonable figure to allay suspicion; but the rapidity with which they are able to cover the ground in their bogus delivery-van makes each morning's "work" highly profitable.

Housewives should be on the look-out for these "Express" plunderers, who usually wear peaked caps and leather satchels to keep up the delivery-van illusion.

# Should it be a Secret?

## How I Won a Husband

My Husband says he loves many things about me, but admits that my beautiful complexion (though I am not young), first attracted him and still delights him.

Yet, up to a few weeks before I met him, I had a sallow complexion, blackheads, enlarged pores and even wrinkles. I tried everything to keep my skin "full," clear and smooth.

At last one day I saw by lucky chance in the papers that Vienna University medical professors had discovered positively that the skin can eat. They found that the best and most highly nourishing food for the skin is predigested olive oil and fresh cream, combined with emulsified vegetable extracts and egg yolk.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood (Rose Colour) is guaranteed, under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the nourishing foods the greatest skin specialists say your skin must have. Crème Tokalon Skinfood revives and refreshes the skin marvellously *overnight*. Continued use makes your face always clear, fresh and smooth as a baby's. Use the Rose Colour Skinfood at night, the White Skinfood (free from grease) in the morning. It makes powder remarkably adherent and invisible—wrinkles disappear and the worst blemishes are improved at once. Money refunded if you do not immediately see a very desirable change in your looks.

Crème Tokalon Skinfoods: Rose Colour, 1/3 and 2/- (practically double size); White (Vanishing) 1/- and 1/6 (practically double size).


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"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

**Test Box** If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.
2 Percy Street (83 R.D.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

# "She Doesn't Ask"

## —but we do

"I CALLED on Saturday to see her. Everything was very clean, but there was not even a chair to sit on. The poor woman looked very dazed."

What lies behind this statement? A forlorn and awful tragedy.

It occurred in South Devon last month, when the father of seven young children, through being unduly worried and depressed because he feared he was going to lose his job, at which he earned £2 15s. a week, ended it all by cutting his throat.

The usual verdict was recorded: "Suicide during temporary insanity."

He had been ill a little while back, and received only 18s. a week, 12s. of which had to go for rent, to say nothing of rates.

His widow, who had quite enough trouble in keeping the household going on such slender means and caring for a little daughter of twelve years who suffers from heart trouble due to rheumatic fever, is dependent on the parish and the kindness of her neighbours until she receives her widow's pension.

Her husband's tragic end is an awful climax, after they have struggled on for years, living practically on bread and margarine, never complaining or asking for help.

Her eldest boy is thirteen, and the youngest of the seven only sixteen months.

She has not been one to ask for help for herself, but we have no hesitation in asking our JOHN BULL friends to help us to provide a little comfort for so sad a case by sending all they can to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

H. B., 2s. 6d., Forget-Me-Not, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Burton-on-Trent), 1s.; Regrets, 1s.; Baby Moore, 2s. 7d.; A. Well-Wisher, 2s. 6d.; W. E. Perkins (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; Rodden, 17s. 6d.; Old Reader (Leamington Spa), 3d.; A. V. Long (Wingham), 6d.; One Who Has Been Up Against It, 1s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; C. E. W. (Grays, Essex), 1s.; Stoneleigh, 2s. 6d.; Ex-Windjammer (Peterborough), 4s.; Anon. (Exeter), 1s.; W. C. Bennett (Harrow), 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Barrell (Chelsea), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper, 1s.; T. D. Looner, 1s.; W. L. K., 5s.; Orfeur, 2s. 6d.; Mother, 1s.; M. S., 1s.; A. Young, 1s. 9d.; Anon, 5s.; E. M. Beckett (West Ham), 6s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; In Memory of Ted's Birthday, 2s. 6d.; Bartonion, 2s. 6d.; L. K. (Oxford), 3s.; Grace (Camden Town), 4s.; Backfield of Pitcairn, 5s.; Mrs. A. J. Clarke (Four Oaks), 5s.; Well-Wisher, 10s.; Anon. (Derby), 2s.; Pimple, 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Anon. (Ipswich), 1s.; Aberdonian's Ninth, 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Torquay), 1s.; Anon. (Gorton), 8d.; E. K. R. (Radcliffe), 6d.; E. F. Lewis (Porth), 6d.; A. E. R. (Bristol), 1s.; Anon. (Widnes), 1s.; Mrs. C. Leckner, 2s. 6d.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Walters (Cumnor Hill), 5s.; Anon. (Orkney), 6d.; A. T., 6d.; John Jas. B., 2s.; W. Crawford, 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Old Navy R. R., 2s.; G. B., 2s.; One Down-and-Out to Another, 6d.; "?," 1s. 8d.; Ver-Sati-Le, 1s.; G. E. A. (Halifax), 5s.; Thankful Grimy, 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)


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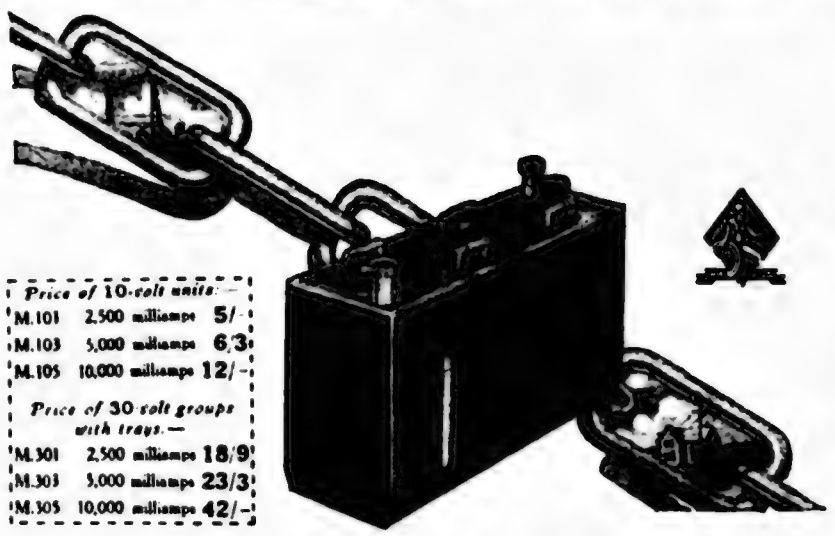

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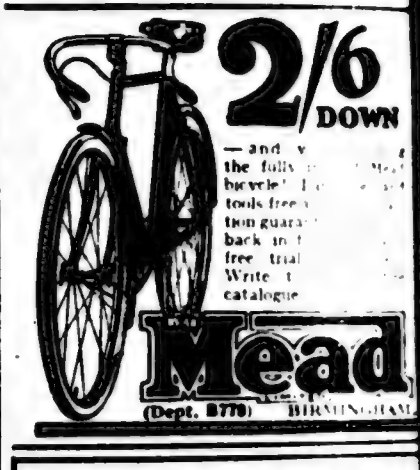

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

# WAR GRAVES Charity Warning

*The truth is they sleep in peace, their graves well tended—Brookwood Cemetery, Surrey*

*"Will give no encouragement to these organisations": Sir Granville Ryrie, Australia House (left) and Sir Fabian Ware, Imperial War Graves Commission*

VARIOUS well-known Australian firms with offices in London have recently been receiving appeals sent out by an association styling itself the "Not Forgotten Pilgrimage Committee," from an address at 3 Rye Lane, East Dulwich.

Several Britishers and noblemen who have held high positions in Australia, including colonial citizens and the Australian General have also been approached.

Many of these have given handsome donations in view of the fact that the appeals are still proceeding. It is high time that a little publicity was given on this enterprise.

The appeals, which have been circulated, state that there are over 40,000 Australian soldiers buried in more than 300 cemeteries.

## Historic day stunt

Subscriptions are asked for to purchase wreaths and to cover pilgrimage visits to these cemeteries on special occasions like Empire Day.

In a money-raising campaign embarked upon in connection with Empire Day it was stated that the committee would visit as many of these cemeteries as circumstances would permit.

It further stated that the various ceremonies would be reported throughout the leading Press of Australia.

The campaign was apparently successful in obtaining donations; but on making enquiries at the largest Australian Press organisation in London, we discovered that it had no record of any of these ceremonies having taken place, nor had it been asked to send representatives to report the proceedings.

Afterwards, the writer of these appeals, in acknowledging the receipt of a £10 donation, named one little-known Australian newspaper as that in which the forthcoming pilgrimages would be reported.

This, after talking about the leading Press of the Commonwealth, can only be described as a piece of arrant impudence.

Most of the circulars are handwritten, and are signed by the hon. treasurer, named Gladys Lidiard.

They are so worded as to lead the reader to believe that the last resting-places of these Australian soldiers are in danger of being neglected and forgotten.

Obviously this impression has to be conveyed to show the necessity for the committee's efforts and to produce the subscriptions.

We can say at once that this impression is grotesquely far from the truth.

In the first place, all the graves come within the control of the Imperial War Graves Commission, and receive its closest care.

## With tender care

Many of them lie in the homeland family-graves, and so receive their relatives' attention.

Where others lie in quiet country churchyards and in the cemeteries of towns, the local authorities receive a grant of 10s. a year to tend each grave and keep it planted with flowers and shrubs.

Apart from these official guardians, numerous voluntary organisations exist, which carry out their work beautifully and well.

In Aylesbury, for instance, where many Australian soldiers lie buried, there are forty good ladies who have tended these graves since the end of the war.

Sir Francis Newdegate, of London, and Mr. E. C. Bush, of Bristol, are others who have supervised this work in their districts and kept green the memories of these fallen men.

Then why the necessity for this fund-raising organisation?

Other matters in connection with it do not inspire confidence.

An enquiry as to its status produced an ambiguously worded reply from the hon. treasurer, wherein a few names were given as members of the committee, but no addresses were given.

Other information supplied was similarly vague, and nothing was said as to fund expenditure.

The "Not Forgotten Pilgrimage Committee" is not on the list of the Imperial War Graves Commission, nor is it registered as a charity.

Several highly placed servants of the State, when they have been approached to serve on the committee, have refused to lend their names to it.

Yet another organisation seems to exist and broadcasts appeals from the same address.

## Behind the screen

This is the "Never-to-be-Forgotten Association," which asks for subscriptions in order that wreaths can be placed and photographs sent to relatives in Australia.

It is in connection with this appeal that a personal canvass was recently made by a man named Macmillan, an Australian journalist.

He seems to be the chief in prior of the activities of both organisations, but does not appear to be mentioned as serving on any of the committees or as holding any executive post.

Macmillan, we find, had some experience in this work at the end of the war, when the Australian Government carried out a photographic grave survey at its own expense on behalf of relatives.

The circulars do not state whether these further wreath-placings and photography for which subscriptions are being asked will be additionally charged to the relatives or will be given gratis.

We understand that both the Australian administration in London and the Imperial War Graves Commission will give no encouragement to the further activities of both these organisations.

It is clearly demonstrable that both are unnecessary, and it is a deplorable fact that what was at the beginning purely voluntary effort by a few high-minded people has grown into a money-raising stunt, backed by the slenderest *bona-fides*.

## They lie in peace

We trust that nobody will be misguided enough to contribute a further penny to the funds of both these totally useless societies, whose constitution and methods are so wrapt in mystery.

The war dead of our overseas brothers lie well enough in the care of their appointed guardians. There let them lie.

# Little Grains of SAND!

SIDNEY BARRETT is a busy man. He engages from town to town, calling upon shopkeepers by the score to interest them in what he is pleased to term "a brisk line."

Whenever he visits a strange town, he has a positive genius for scenting out exhibitions or bazaars.

He presents to shopkeepers that fact has brought him to town.

Invariably introducing himself as an agent of Messrs. Smith, Thomas and Co. of London, E.," he explains that his exhibitions to demonstrate Barrett's carpet-cleaners and chemical cleaners.

At Stockport the other day he told the shopkeeper that his demonstrations at a local exhibition had aroused considerable interest.

• • •

Any trader who had the foresight to take advantage of this free publicity and lay in a stock could be sure of a brisk demand.

The Stockport shopkeeper agreed to take a trial quantity of chemical fluid, which Barrett was able to leave with him.

Cash was paid in advance, but the shopkeeper very soon had reason to regret his bargain.

There was no suggestion of a deception as to the goods, which, upon analysis, proved to be powdered chalk and shell.

Similar complaints about the active agent have arisen in Wolverhampton, Manchester, Birmingham and Leicester.

But the duped shopkeepers have not lost their money for sand and chalk. Some have received sunflower

# BLUFFER *among the* BANKS

A VERY dangerous alien swindler has contrived to steal into this country, with results that have already made themselves alarmingly felt.

He is M. M. F. Vesale, a sallow-complexioned Belgian of smart appearance, whose manner betrays no suggestion of his true character.

He walked smilingly past our port authorities with a Belgian passport describing him as the representative of an American company, visiting England to purchase works of art.

Once here, he immediately set to work to practise a cleverly-conceived series of frauds, to the detriment of a number of our leading banks.

As a typical coup, we may cite the experience of a bank in Glasgow, where M. Vesale called, armed with his convincing passport and a sheaf of credentials, which seemed to confirm beyond doubt that he was really the art expert he pretended to be.

Having introduced himself in brusque, business-like fashion, M. Vesale presented a letter of credit for $50,000, drawn against the National Bank of Commerce, Detroit, Michigan, on the Guarantee Trust Company of New York.

On the strength of this document, backed up by the other credentials that had been shown, the Glasgow bank agreed to advance M. Vesale £500.

The visitor was profuse in his thanks, and departed with many expressions of good will.

The subsequent revelation that the letter of credit was a masterly forgery came too late for any action to be effectively taken.

M. Vesale was then far away, and all trace of him was lost.

He has turned up at brief intervals in different parts of the country, where he has made similar coups.

Publicity, we hope, will make it less safe for him to attempt a repetition of his feats in future.

# . . . The new idea in chocolate making

## *Fancy chocs in handy blocks*

What shall we buy? The same old question but a *new* answer: A Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwich! A new idea, this. Fancy chocolates joined together in a big block. Each chocolate you break off is self-contained. Neat and complete with its own separate centre. You choose your favourite filling from eleven different varieties.

*Chocolate Marzipan—Chocolate Tricolour Creme—Chocolate Wafer Biscuit—Nougat—Milk Chocolate Coffee Creme—Creme—Scotch Caramel—Almond Toffee—Truffle—Milk Chocolate Pistache—Peppermint Creme.*

**6D. EACH**

# CADBURY'S

## *CHOCOLATE* SANDWICHES

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS— from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# The Wicked Widow of CAREY STREET

*"Carey Street, the street of mystery, is tending to become a rendezvous for rogues," says Sir Wyndham*

CAREY STREET, in the heart of London's legal centre, has often been referred to as a street of mystery and disaster.

As most people know, it is bounded at one side by the High Courts of Justice and on the other by a coldly forbidding building which houses the Bankruptcy Courts, where tens of thousands of pounds are weekly wiped out in a maze of inexplicable figures and ingenious excuses.

My paper has lately shown, to my surprise, that Carey Street is tending to become a rendezvous for rogues, who one would think, would be the last people to resort to such a quarter for purposes of plunder.

The latest person to establish headquarters there is a Mrs. Edwina Cooke, who has recently been in much prominence as a keen business woman at an office in Carey Street.

No one could suspect from the able manner in which this fashionably-clad woman deals with her daily post that she is really a clever swindler in disguise.

## She *charmed him*

Indeed she lives up to her part as a successful business woman in every way and arrives to and from her office each day in a costly car.

A reader residing in Walthamstow recently answered an advertisement in a daily paper calling for a capable business manager to take over control of a thriving building business.

In response to his application, he received a letter from Mrs. Cooke, whose stationery proclaimed her as a "financier and agent," inviting him to call for an interview at the Carey Street office.

He found Mrs. Cooke to be a most charming person, who related that, among other interests, she owned a flourishing business in Clerkenwell Close, London, E.C.

Since her husband's death, she confessed had been supervising this business herself.

But other ventures were now claiming much of her attention, and she was anxious to find a good manager in whom she could place implicit trust.

She had half thought of disposing of the business, for her husband had left her comfortably off; but finally she had decided to keep it running for sentimental reasons.

Mrs. Cooke certainly struck the applicant as being the picture of affluence, and he listened to her story with interest.

She told him that it was open to him to go down to Clerkenwell Close and make any enquiries about the business he chose; but so long as he understood the building trade and could produce good references, she felt that he would make an ideal manager.

## A *chance at last*

As a matter of form, she would require her new manager to deposit a substantial cash security.

The Walthamstow man fulfilled all requirements, save that he had no cash. He had been out of employment for months, and, with a wife and two children to provide for, he was in sadly reduced circumstances.

But he was reluctant to let such a promising offer slide, so when Mrs. Cooke declared that she would be satisfied with a security of £50, he determined to raise it somehow.

In the end he was able to borrow this money from a friend, who, knowing of his past bad luck, was overjoyed that such a promising opportunity should now have come along.

With a light heart, he paid over the cash to Mrs. Cooke, and waited patiently for the day on which he was due to take up his new duties at Clerkenwell Close.

All his hopes were cruelly dashed a few days later, when he learnt that Mrs. Cooke had made a hurried departure from Carey Street.

Her victimisation of this man is not an isolated instance of her perfidy.

## *Designing woman*

Several other men, lured to Carey Street in the same way, have parted with sums of £25 and £50, while others have paid smaller amounts as temporary "deposits to secure."

I have had careful enquiries made into this woman's affairs, and find that she is far more designing in her schemes than even the foregoing facts would suggest.

Her first move in planning this coup was to answer an advertisement in the *Builder*, which had been inserted by a man of repute who had an old-established business in Clerkenwell Close, but was anxious to sell it and retire after many years of hard work.

Mrs. Cooke drove up in her car with her accustomed assurance, and, saying that money was no object, represented herself as a prospective purchaser.

She showed her keen business sense by plying the owner with questions and by probing the assets to the full. When she left she promised to call within a week and would then give her decision.

Instead of doing so, she simply used all the details she had gleaned concerning this reputable business to blind the poor victims she has since robbed of their all.

To-day, instead of finding the fascinating Mrs. Cooke a suitable purchaser, the builder in Clerkenwell Close is being kept busy answering calls from distressed victims.

Nearly all are out of employment which makes this woman's conduct all the more cruel.

Though the Press has been silent on the point, I am pleased to note that David Lazenby, whom I exposed a few weeks ago under the heading "A Ravenous Lounge Lizard," has soon been brought to book.

Pleading guilty at Bow Street to two charges of obtaining money by false pretences from men to whom he offered work in a company called Lazenby, Chadwell and Co., Ltd., Lazenby has been sent to jail for a year.

He was wise to agree to being tried by a magistrate, for only the two cases to which he pleaded guilty were gone into.

Had he gone for trial at the Old Bailey he would probably have got penal servitude, for he is a persistent and cruel swindler who has already served fifteen months for robbing unemployed.

I happen to know that he embarked upon his recent series of frauds immediately he emerged from jail.

One of his victims invested £250, after being impressed by books purporting to show an excellent "turnover" during the very period Lazenby was in prison.

## *On the black list*

Many people suffered similarly, two losing £180 and £1,200 respectively.

I note that in some cases a W. G. Conway, of Chancery Lane, W.C., who describes himself as a "business consultant," and who has a bad reputation for introducing men to dubious undertakings, was the medium through which Lazenby ensnared his victims.

In placing Mr Conway on my black list, I cannot help emphasising once again the folly of paying money in return for employment, however rosy the prospects may seem to be.

# The Best of the Week

SUNDAY is the twentieth anniversary of the King's Coronation. Next day the Prince of Wales celebrates his thirty-sixth birthday.

We wish them both very many happy returns of the day.

This is not merely a loyal and affectionate gesture. The Crown is more than an ornamental figurehead to our Constitution, more than a tangible bond which unites the sentiments of an exceedingly heterogeneous and scattered British Empire.

It is a vital necessity, and the most practical and businesslike of our institutions.

If we had no king, we should be a republic, the authority and executive offices of which would be exercised through the person of a President.

This President would be elected every so often — every five years, perhaps. His election would be like a General Election on a more intensive scale.

It would cost a million pounds and more; it would dislocate business for a month.

Chosen, not unanimously but by a majority, none of the President's actions could please more than a section of the nation.

Most disastrous of all would be his effect on the Empire. Six months after the first President of Great Britain was installed in office, the first President of Canada would be elected.

Within ten years the Empire would be cracking; within twenty it would have disintegrated.

And so the Crown, and the man who wears it, are indispensable to Britain. The King is permanent, impartial, removed above the clash of politics as a President could never be. He is, also, actually cheaper.

## *Your Story*

*We invite readers to send us their "Best of the Week." Contributions, which should not exceed 300 words, may deal with anything that strikes an inspiring note, from coming events of rational importance to recent unpublished incidents which have come to the notice of the writer.*

*Two guineas is offered for stories used as the "Best of the Week." Contributions which may appear elsewhere in "John Bull" will be generously paid for.*

*The closing day for this week's contributions is Tuesday, June 24.*

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A Gibbs shave fits your face for an exacting day. It starts you off smoothly—and lasts. Gibbs robs the razor of half its work.

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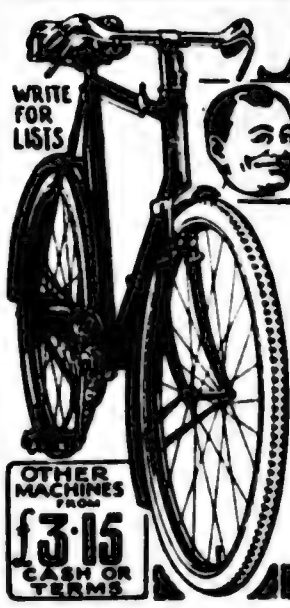


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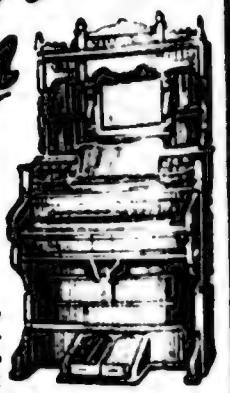

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*Head Office:* Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

# Why Doesn't Bill Smith SING?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

I ALWAYS remember with a certain amount of joy the story of the Socialist agitator who asked a bored audience: "How can a man live a Christian life on thirty bob a week?"

"How the devil can he live any other way?" growled one of his listeners.

What brought this story to my mind was the thought that history somehow seems to have taken a wrong turning, and that civilisation (did not the late Edward Carpenter once write a book called *Civilisation—Its Cause and Cure*?) instead of proving a blessing to mankind is turning out, for the great majority, an unmitigated curse.

Of all employed persons only about 22 per cent. earn 55s. a week and more. The other 78 per cent. earn anything from that figure down to nothing at all.

In these days it is not even a question of living a Christian life on such an income; it is a question of being able to exist at all.

## We miss real joy

The point that worries me is this: all that civilisation seems to be doing for us is to herd us into bigger and bigger cities, drive us into bigger and more efficient factories, give us more and more labour and less and less leisure.

And no one can pretend that cities are pleasant places to live in; nor can anyone argue that factories are particularly pleasant places to work in.

There was more virtue in the old political catchphrase of "Three acres and a cow" than it was ever credited with. It did at least stand for sturdy independence, honest labour, fresh air and sunshine, and the joy of living.

There is precious little joy of living to-day, and the joys of honest labour are replaced by the monotonous slavery of the machine.

In England once, in days gone by, craftsmen sang as they worked. You will search a long time now before you hear men and women singing at their work.

We are running the world in a nasty, narrow little groove. While we have learned to work we have forgotten how to live.

Ruskin once put it very neatly.

"I have been asked," he said, "to contribute to the purchase of the Alexandra Park, and I will not; and I beg you, my working readers, to understand once and for all that I wish your *homes* to be comfortable and refined.

"I will resist to the utmost of my powers all schemes founded on the vile modern notion that you are to be crowded in kennels until you are nearly dead, that other people may make money out of your work, and then taken out in squads by tramway and railway to be revived and refined by science and art.

"Your first business is to make your homes healthy and delightful; then to keep your wives and children there, and let your return to them be your daily 'holy-day.'"

To-day we are as far from that ideal as when Ruskin wrote. It is true workmen are no longer slaves. They have not that advantage. No master will house them and feed them, for they have no intrinsic value.

## Money is not life

The ingenious invention of wages stopped all that. The human race is a slave race, for all that. It long ago sold its freedom for visionary comforts.

There are no chains round wrist and ankle; but there is the factory-whistle and the office-clock. In a thousand ways civilisation has substituted an invisible tyranny that is none the less real because it cannot be seen.

Have we not taken a wrong turning somewhere?

I sometimes think it is because we have come to confuse life with money. We have set up wages as a god and imagine that men and women need no more than the hog.

We are too ready to assume that enough to eat and drink is all a man requires. That, when you come to think of it, is the gospel-core of this thing we call "civilisation." And it is not enough.

People want more than wages. They want leisure; they want culture. The humblest workers want the chance to enjoy the best that art and science, literature and music, poetry and the drama can give them.

*This—and That—*
*"So we are herded into bigger and bigger cities . . . when we might be in the fresh air and sunshine"*

## A brutish round

And work—no, don't let us call it work. Don't let us dignify it by that name. What passes for work to-day is nothing of the kind; it is a dull and brutish round of labour.

We have allowed civilisation to turn men from craftsmen into drudges.

Yet all around us is the sweet-smelling earth, the air and the sun. Why do we so obstinately refuse to live the lives that men and women were meant to live?

For when we have done all we are doing, what is it all for? I recently came across a passage from Richard Jefferies that is startling in its very simplicity:

"This our earth . . . produces sufficient for stores and granaries to be filled to the roof-tree for years ahead. I verily believe that the earth in one year produces enough food to last for thirty.

"Why, then, have we not enough? Why do people die of starvation, or lead a miserable existence on the verge of it? Why have millions upon millions to toil from morning till evening just to gain a mere crust of bread?

"Because of the absolute lack of organisation by which such labour should produce its effect, the absolute lack of distribution, the absolute lack, even, of the very idea that such things are possible.

"Nay, even to mention such things, to say that they are possible, is criminal to many. Madness could hardly go further."

Is that not perfectly true to-day? I think it is most demonstrably true.

And we do not know to-day how much we could really produce if we tried.

We hear talk of "overcrowding"; yet the entire population of the world could find comfortable standing-room in twenty or thirty square miles.

Even in this country alone we have millions of acres of good land producing nothing. We have nearly two million men and women producing nothing. And we call it "civilisation"!

I think the lesson is plain. We have learned well enough to produce. What we have yet to learn is how to organise production. We have to learn, too, to organise life and to learn once more to live.

If you doubt what Richard Jefferies said, look at the position of the world's wheat to-day. The world has not yet sold all its 1928 crop.

It has *all* its 1929 crop stored up; and it is within a few weeks of reaping this year's harvest. The world is positively glutted with wheat.

The world, in fact, is an Aladdin's Cave of treasures and riches. Nothing stops us enjoying them but this Frankenstein monster we delude ourselves into thinking is "civilisation."

Shall I tell you what I would dearly like to see?

I would like to see a man arise who would take up again that old slogan of "Three acres and a cow" and carry it like a flaming torch through all the length and breadth of this land of ours.

## Back to laughter

I would like to see it become the gospel of a new civilisation to lead men away from the needless grime and smoke, the sweat and toil, back to the earth and the sun and the laughter.

There is a verse in Isaiah that comes to my mind: "The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people, and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat My people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? said the Lord God of Hosts."

"Civilisation—Its Cause and Cure!"—I think Edward Carpenter was right.

*The Human Machine*

## Architects of FATE

WE are not ruled by circumstances. We are their masters; we can build what we choose with them. It is what we choose to build that discloses what we are. A man is not so much what he is as what he does.

Take two men and give them a pile of bricks and a heap of mortar. One will build a palace and the other a slum. Yet both have the same materials. Bricks and mortar are just bricks and mortar till thought and imagination have added beauty to them.

It is as easy to think beauty as to think ugliness—and what we think, we create.

We should very quickly make this world a better place if we all thought the best of other people. Faith can still work miracles.

The great men of the world have always been those who believed in the good will and the good intentions of ordinary people. We are all quick to respond to another's belief in us; and if we believe in others we cannot help believing in ourselves.

Our thoughts no more than our acts can exist alone. They inevitably influence others, and no one knows how far their effects may spread.

The other day a reporter called on an old lady who had just celebrated her ninetieth birthday. As he left he wished her happiness.

"Thank you," she said quietly, "but we make our own happiness, you know."

Fate is not the Architect of Life. It is we who are the Architects of Fate. But if we are to build well we must first plan well.

And a smile is the best foundation-stone any one of us can lay.

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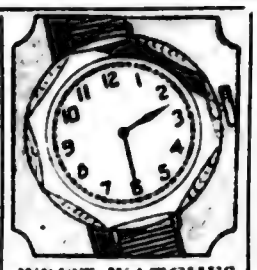

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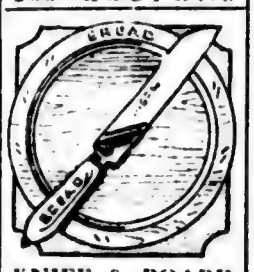

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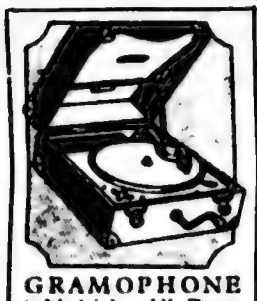

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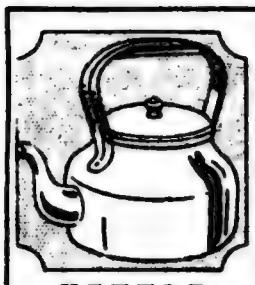

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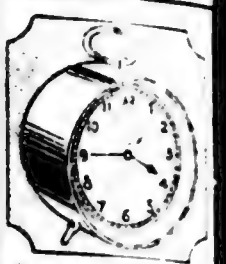

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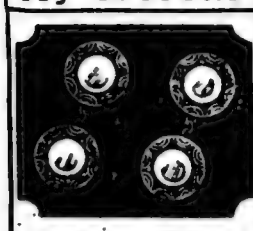

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Fine English china. Beautiful Crown Derby pattern. Marvellous value.
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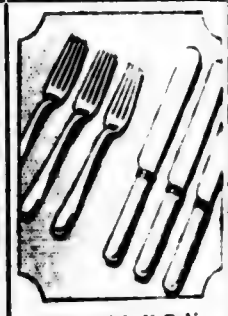

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# MARRY —at your PERIL!

"The widow has nothing in the world"

NO one can say that the Great War is forgotten. Even those who were children when it was raging have had bitter memories burnt into their consciences.

The extraordinary vogue of war books, films and plays is another proof; and their stark realism shows that the people recognise the awfulness of the struggle and the terrible sufferings undergone by the combatants.

Those who have much to do with the splendid work of the British Legion can say, without any fear of contradiction, that the public conscience is as determined as ever that justice shall be done to those heroes who went through hell that the country might live.

Many are still paying the price in mutilations and loss of health and limbs.

The public would not wish that the widows and orphans of those who died for their country should be left to charity.

Yet it may surprise many people to know that there is a small but pitiful class to whom justice has not been done, and who are suffering from the hard-heartedness and close-fistedness of the bureaucracy.

## Dare not wed

WE refer to the men who were wounded or crippled during the war and have since married.

Many of them die prematurely as the direct result of their war service.

*But even if they are in receipt of full disability pension it dies with them, and their families receive nothing.*

It must be remembered that thousands of quite young lads joined up, some of them even falsifying their ages in their eagerness to serve.

They were too young to marry, and this applies to the bulk of the 1917-18 recruits who went through the worst period of the fighting on the various battle-fronts.

If a man married one day after discharge, not only do the wife and children get nothing during the remaining years of his life, even if he is incapable of earning a living—as in the case of a man totally blinded by mustard-gas—but when he dies all pension dies with him.

Many of these men have been apparently fit, and then old wounds have broken out and they have died in the early twenties.

These men's lives have been sacrificed to their country just as much as if they had been blown into fragments by a high-explosive shell during the actual fighting.

It is very natural for a woman to take pity on such a man and to marry him, and the State has no more right to say that he is not entitled to marry because he was wounded in the war than it has to forbid any other serving soldier or sailor to wed.

We can illustrate the hardships that result in these minority of cases by quoting actual examples. They can all be proved.

The first is the case of an officer wounded at the front in 1916. After several months in hospital he was sent back to the front and continued to serve until the end of the war. In 1919 he married.

In February last year he became suddenly ill from a piece of shrapnel in his lung, which was removed by an operation.

This operation was not successful, and in September of the same year, 1929, a subsequent operation was attempted in the Ministry of Pensions' own hospital and he died under the anæsthetic.

## Hopeless struggle

HE leaves a widow and two children, who are not entitled to a penny piece of pension. The mother has had to go to work, and has a terrible struggle to keep the little home going.

The second case is that of a 100 per cent. disabled soldier who died in 1928 after years of suffering, leaving a widow and two sons.

After the funeral expenses—which she had to pay—the widow has nothing in the world, and has sold up her home. She has the greatest difficulty in feeding the children, and can only do so by going out to work.

The next case is that of Captain John William Dore. At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 he was working as a miner and immediately volunteered for service, joining the 5th King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. He was wounded in France in 1915.

In 1917, Dore received his commission, and was transferred to the 9th Yorkshire Light Infantry. Continuing to serve, he was awarded the Military Cross, and later received a bar. Altogether he was wounded five times. He was captured by the Germans in 1918.

After the war he returned to his native village at Brodsworth, and was given a great ovation by the villagers and his fellow-workmen. He married and went back to work in the mines, whereupon his wound pension was stopped.

## Haunted men

HIS wounds broke out again and he was unable to follow his employment. His pension was still stopped, he received no unemployment pay, and died in extreme poverty.

He has left a widow and three sons, the eldest of whom is ten. All the family gets is a small voluntary grant from the Officers' Association; and they have no other means.

We know of several other cases of men who married after discharge, but whose health has deteriorated as a result of their wounds, and they are now terribly worried at the thought of what will happen to their dependants should they die.

No insurance company, of course, will look at men in this situation. And what chance have these men of putting by any savings?

Surely the country can afford to do justice in what, after all, is only a comparatively small number of cases. Between 1921 and 1929 the war pensions decreased by £53,000,000, and are diminishing at the rate of £3,000,000 a year.

And now we have the anomaly of the man who escaped military service, but was in insured employment, and whose dependants get a pension under the new Pensions Act.

## A few gold-diggers

THAT man's brother who joined up and may die, undoubtedly as a result of his war disablement, can look for no help from the State for his family when he does, whilst his very disablement prevents him getting into an insured employment.

The official case is that a man marries at his own risk, and "he has only himself to thank."

This is a miserable attitude. So is the excuse that some women would marry dying men in order to get the pension. There must be very few, if any, and why should the innocent suffer even if such harpies do exist?

In the United States of America, Germany and Belgium, the widows and orphans of men who die as a result of the war receive pensions, irrespective of the date of marriage or the birth of the children.

In France they get the pension if they marry disabled men within two years after their discharge from the Army.

In England a widow of an officer who marries *while still on service*, although the wedding takes place subsequent to his disablement or wound, receives a pension under certain conditions.

Why not extend this to the man who hasn't continued to serve in the peace-time Army after his disablement?

In any case, this is not a question of pity or charity, but of elementary justice.

And it is time the scandal was ended.

## Without Fear or Favour

*When he led that imitation Red Army in Britain Commandant J. Snooks and Mrs. Campbell commanding the women's section*

A MAN arrested the other week on a charge of distributing Communist propaganda to loyal British soldiers said: "It's all very ll for you chaps. You've got cent jobs. But what about ?"

And before considering the sigficance of these words—which ally are more significant than ost—it is necessary that the aders of JOHN BULL should know mething of what Communist opaganda in this country eans, and of the people who are sponsible for it.

Now, since the break-up of the cos organisation by the late onservative Government, it is ot so easy as it was to find the ancial fountain-head of Comunistic doctrine in this country. Many of its intelligent heads are timately connected with the bour Research Department, arren Street, London—which is more a department of the icial Labour Party than of the mmunist Labour Party.

## *What a farce!*

It is a sad fact that many nglishmen whose private lives em quite blameless have so rgotten their real duty to their llow-countrymen as to believe at the only way of making ings better is to start by making em a thousand times worse.

Sincere some of these people ay be. But their work none the ss is thoroughly pernicious.

And among them are to be und such intellectuals as:

*An expert megaphonist—Two studies of Walter Hannington*

Thomas Henry Wintringham, once a brilliant student at Balliol College, Oxford;

Ralph Fox, who varies his Communistic journalism with occasional excursions into the realm of highbrow fiction;

Emil Burns, who manages a film company, the Atlas, which distributes films extolling and glorifying the Russian revolution;

R. Page Arnot, who is so far to the left that even British Communists, though he is *persona grata* at Moscow, find it difficult to stomach him;

Albert Inkpin, who has been exiled to Berlin;

H. W. Inkpin, brother of Albert, who is still favourably enough regarded to have found a good job in one of the Russian trading companies.

While among others in this



*R. F. O. Bridgeman, a baffling personality*

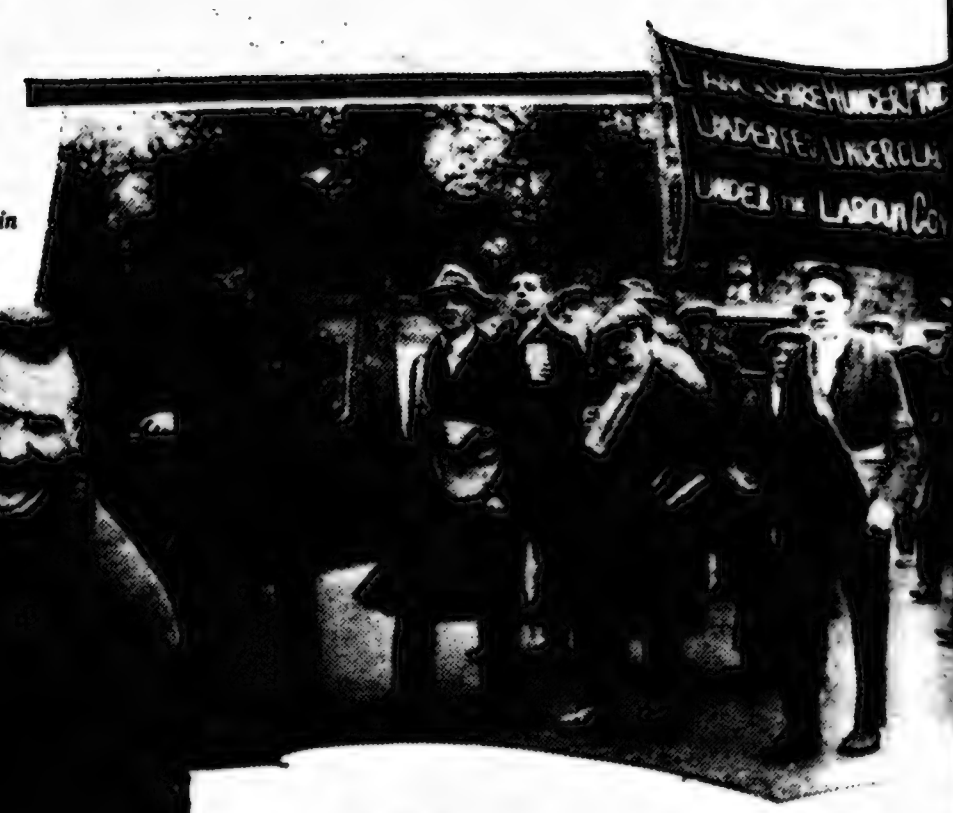
troupe of would-be revolutionaries we have:

Maurice H. Dobb, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, who is still Lecturer on Economics at Cambridge University, varying his official duties by the exercise of his talents as a book and film critic in the official Communist organ, the *Daily Worker*.

## *Some with brains*

And R. F. O. Bridgeman, who having served this country with the greatest distinction at the Foreign Office, is now probably the most rabid Communist alive.

In addition to the above, there



# RED POISON the Botton

are several others who, unlike the rank and file of this movement can lay claim to a certain amount of brains.

A pleasant gentleman named Holmes—a journalist—comes to mind in this connection.

For the most part, however, the rank-and-file Communist workers in this country are not very different from the poor fellow who was arrested the other day.

The preaching of Communism may not be a decent job, but it is better than no job at all; and the rank and file carries on for the same reason that most of us carry on at our jobs—to provide enough money on which to live

## *Went into oil*

These "poor fish" of the Communist organisation know nothing, and care less, about Karl Marx. Neither are they particularly interested in the National Minority Movement, the International Class War Prisoners' Aid the Oriental Seamen's Union, or any other of the organisations under which Moscow hides its hand.

Their interest is the money.

Who can imagine that Walter Hannington, for instance, leading his hungry marchers, or E. H. Brown and Mrs. Brown, who have no visible means of support except the movement, are mere altruists?

Who can believe that J. R. Campbell, or Harry Pollitt, or E. Woolley, or W. Gallagher, or Allen, or Raymond Potter, or Walker, or J. T. Murphy, or the ineffable Langmead, who so gallantly but so ineffectually resisted arrest at Victoria Station, or ex-Lieut. Snooks, D.C.M., who has abandoned his high position as Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army to sell a little oil on commission, are solely concerned

*Albert Inkpin blazed for a while and departed unwept*



*They scorn the Labour Party —hunger-marchers from the North and Midlands*

# ON for Dog

with the higher philosophy of Bolshevism?

These are the servants and not the masters of Communism.

Nor does it seem to me that my friend Mr. Locker-Lampson, M.P., is going the right way to deal with them by calling "Rout the Reds" meetings at the Albert Hall.

The ramparts of Moscow will not fall at a mere blast of trumpets from a political platform.

And underneath the fanfare of those trumpets many of us who go to listen will be hearing the still, small voice of him who said, and how rightly, "It is all very well for you chaps. You've got decent jobs. But what about me?"

For that man, also — until Moscow found him—was one of our unemployed.

Officially, the best part of two million men and women in this country are now unemployed.

Adding those who are dependent on our "bottom dogs" to the actual numbers of them, indeed, we shall not be far wrong in calculating that some three millions of our adult population are existing on the work of the rest.

For it is a fact that the "in works" pay for the "out of works."

And it is also a fact, very well understood by the British workman's enemies in Moscow, that the devil always finds some job for idle hands to do.

That there exists among our unemployed a small army of unemployables, no man in his senses will deny. The chronic scrounger, whether rich or poor, is known to most of us.

Generally speaking, our unemployed are not scroungers.

The average unemployed man and woman in this country is utterly incapable of understanding the root cause of his or her unemployment.

This is largely owing to the fact

## BRITISH COMMUNISTS—*Exclusive Disclosures*

# *by* Gilbert Frankau

*His sun has gone down—Saklatvala, Communist candidate at Shettleston, was badly hit last election*

*J. R. Campbell—is he merely an altruist?*



*R. Page Arnot—on the far, far "left"*

that, whereas Moscow will always find money to preach revolution, our own political Parties—and the slackest of them in this respect is the Conservative Party—seem to prefer using their funds for their own political benefit, instead of for the benefit of the nation as a whole.

Human nature is human nature. All of us, even the greatest cranks, want to be well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed, with a little loose money in our pockets, and the chance of being moderately happy.

## *Grown desperate*

If—and especially if through no fault of our own—these perfectly natural wants are not satisfied, something inside us goes sour. And the very instinct which urges us to make things urges us to break them.

House us badly, clothe us badly, feed us badly, take the loose change out of our pockets—and every one of us, man or woman, becomes at heart the revolutionary.

"Whatever happens," we say to ourselves, "we can't be worse off, we can't be unhappier."

So why blame the "bottom dog" for "going Red"? Why blame—even if, in sheer self-defence, you must punish—the poor devil who can't get money any other way for distributing Communist leaflets? Our Conservatives won't pay him for distributing their leaflets. And Moscow will.

It is no good having any illusions about Moscow.

Throughout Russia to-day there is famine, misery, and a contempt, to put it mildly, for every form of religion. Moscow's political system is the dictatorship not *by* but *of* the proletariat.

A tyrannous clique rules Russia —in a way that no Englishman would tolerate for a single moment. And that clique, fanatical in its perverted belief that individual freedom is the curse of humanity, is out to rule the world.

We who, whatever our shortcomings, have always believed that every individual should be free to practise his own religion in his own manner, and earn his living by his own efforts, are Moscow's natural enemies.

It can no more help trying to smash our constitutional system than a naughty child can help trying to kill flies on the window-pane.

But if we let Moscow kill our flies, and smash our entire national window-pane in the process, it will be nobody's fault but our own.

And it wont be the "bottom dog's" fault either.

The blame for this fault, like the blame for all other national faults, will lie at the top.

Our "upper dogs"—for we are dealing with human nature and not wild animals—can't gnaw their bone and at the same time bury it. They can't have the power and at the same time avoid the responsibility.

And any man, or woman either, with money in his or her pocket, who whines about "these dreadful Communists" will only have himself or herself to blame if ever—which, heaven forbid—the Red Flag flies over Buckingham Palace.

For Communism, that leanest mare on which a nation can ride, is bred by Unhappiness out of Poverty; and Poverty out of Unemployment.

So long as the unemployment figures rise, so long will Muscovite money find its way into empty pockets and Muscovite ideas into empty heads.

Cure unemployment—and you will kill Communism. But shall we ever cure, or even mitigate unemployment, with our present haphazard methods?

This national disease has gone too far; and only national remedies will get at the root of it. For one political Party, whichever it is, to use the lever of unemployment to get the other Party out of office would be as wicked for one Party to hinder, for the sake of gaining office, the other from winning a war.

## *All together*

In the war, we had no Parties, no classes, and practically no commercial rivalry. The best brains of the nation, in that struggle, were at the service of the nation.

The best brains—irrespective of Party, class, or commercial rivalry —should be at its service to-day.

Let us declare another war, not against Moscow, but against unemployment.

Let Labour, Liberalism and Conservatism call another truce to their political differences.

Let the competitors in every trade and our trade unions with them do the same.

Whatever the remedies for this disease, let them be agreed upon at once; and once agreed upon, adopted without delay.

But let no man, or woman either, who reads this imagine that such a war can be won easily.

The whole task of curing unemployment bristles—and more than ever to-day—with almost superhuman difficulties.

Not one weapon will be needed in this fight, but a whole armoury of them.

Almost superhuman though our difficulties are, however, they are not insuperable. Insuperable, in this world, is only selfishness. And in national emergencies we have never been selfish.

Put our backs against the wall, and we will fight like one man for what we hold to be justice.

In justice to our bottom dogs, we ought to declare war on unemployment now, and not sheathe the sword while there is one willing worker workless in the land.

Thousands who could afford to pay more buy Manikins—They know that no other smoke gives the same *pleasure.*

Mellow, Mild and Nutty, Manikins are rolled from Ripe Tobacco, without paper, yet they are inexpensive for 10d. buys 5 of these delightful smokes.

*The secret of Manikin goodness at Manikin price is just this—They are rolled from the delicate Tip Leaves, too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest smoke of all. Buy a packet to-day—you will be delighted with Manikin fragrance and value.*

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CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
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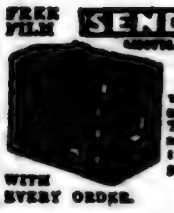

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*"Musical youth looks up to him"—Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the great English conductor*



*This school orchestra won several prizes—all "first violins"*

# Little Tommy's GROWING EAR

THERE are wigs on the green in the musical world. Broadcasting and the gramophone have done it.

Ranged in one camp are stalwarts like Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Hugh Allen, who are saying that "canned music" will sound the death-knell of all musical interest and endeavour in this country.

They say that there will be empty concert-halls, that the parlour piano will become a stand for the wireless set, and the family fiddle will be dumped upon an attic-shelf.

In the other camp are equally doughty champions, like Sir Walford Davies and Dr. Adrian Boult, who declare that the radio is bringing such an interest in music as this country has never known before.

They picture all the Smiths, the Joneses, and the Robinsons, whose tastes never previously soared above a pier-head band, tuning-in night after night to great music played by fine orchestras and gradually getting to like it.

They say that all the concert-halls will be filled with new audiences, who having learned appreciation will want to hear the real thing.

That all the smaller Smiths, Joneses, and Robinsons will be diligently practising scales or father will want to know why.

Where does the truth lie between these two extremes of prophecy? Somewhere between the two, as truth usually does.

Yet, if the facts and events of British music during the last two years are any warrant, radio and the so-called "canned music" win all along the line.

## *Mob of maestros*

So far from music teaching and music interest dying out amongst the young, it has increased enormously.

The music-lessons which are broadcast by the B.B.C. are received by 5,000 schools in Great Britain which have installed wireless sets to receive them.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 school orchestras are in existence, most of them composed of between fifty and eighty pupils each.

But all doubts would be most effectually dispelled by a visit to the Crystal Palace this week.

In its great concert-hall on June 21 an orchestra of 4,000 children will assemble. Their ages range from seven years to seventeen, and they are the picked musicians from all the schools in England.

It is an event looked forward to by them throughout the year. They come at their own expense from all parts of the country, bringing their own instruments, bought by the careful hoarding of sixpences.

Some great conductor will wield the baton and the programme will be composed of fairly difficult classical music.

Sir Henry Wood has heard them, and said after conducting them that he got the effect he desired more quickly and with less trouble than from a grown-up professional orchestra.

## *Great man's praise*

Two great American musicians, Dr. Walter Damrosch and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, have heard them and been tremendously impressed.

They have endeavoured to start the same thing in America, but so far the attempt has been a failure.

The National Union of School Orchestras, as it now calls itself, is a unique institution. No other country has anything like it.

The Crystal Palace on "the day" will be a sight sufficient to hearten the darkest pessimist who has said that there is neither musical talent nor endeavour left in England.

Some idea of the vastness of the orchestra can be gathered from the fact that there are about 2,700 violins. Nearly all of them are "first violins" in school orchestras.

## *A lost genius*

The organisers have a harassing time in answering enquiries and marshalling their charges.

A common enquiry they get is from some anxious parents from, say, Tonypandy: "Have you seen my boy; he's first violin?"

Imagine having to look for Evan Jones, aged eight, amongst 2,700 first violins!

As to the effect of broadcasting on concert-going, the manager of the Queen's Hall in London said that there was no doubt that it had brought entirely new audiences to concerts of serious music.

There was, he said, a tremendous revival of musical interest in l... and the present season has been... most remarkable in the history of... cert-going.

Four great foreign orchestras h... been here, and both these and our... native orchestras have been playing... packed houses.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent has given a score of symphony concerts exclusively to children. One of the halls held 3,000, and yet hundreds have to be turned away.

The music given is a full classical programme, and Dr. Sargent has found that they will listen keenly and appreciatively to a half-hour-long symphony and then ask for more.

There can be no doubt as to the intensity of this musical revival. The conductors, the concert-agents and the concert-hall managers—who are best fitted to know—they are all surprised.

Amongst the four million who constitute the broadcast listeners of to-day, there are thousands in whom musical talent is awakened or appreciation deepened.

## *Piano—forte*

This is borne out by the steady revival in the piano trade. Nearly a thousand pianos made in Britain were sold within the past twelve months.

For a while after the war the piano was only a piece of drawing-room furniture. That is gradually changing, and piano-makers are putting forth special efforts to reach the children.

One firm is working on a type of three-octave portable piano. The firm hopes to introduce to schools and... classes formed something on the lines of the National Union of School Orchestras.

This instrument, it trusts, will take children over the ear-torturing rudimentary stages, and then, interest having been created, a full-sized piano will be bought for the home.

Another scheme even provides for selling advanced tuition with the piano after purchase.

As for other musical instruments, the packed concert-halls and the hundreds of school orchestras tell their own tale.

Practically all—even the great public schools—have now their own orchestras.

At one famous school the son of a Cabinet Minister is learning to play the French horn in the orchestra, one of the least popular, but most important, of instruments.

Twenty years ago at most of the public schools even a rudimentary knowledge of the piano was considered effeminate. Nowadays there is almost as much competition to enter the school orchestra as the first eleven.

These should be a sufficient answer to those musical Jeremiahs who say that in England music is dying or dead.

### *Just the Job for You!*

A man or a woman is shortly to be paid the sum of £3,000 for a few minutes' spare-time work—and that fine cheque will be accompanied by a £270 "Swift" motor-car.

This is a job for you. Spend a little of your summer leisure with the "Bullets" page (39) this evening and capture the Cash and the Car!

# "And look at this! . . .

## —they're all perfect. Eight out of eight. What luck."

**"I shouldn't call it luck, Miss. You were using Kodak Film. You see Kodak Film has what we call 'latitude.' It allows for your little mistakes. Gives you the benefit of the doubt, so to speak." ¶ Kodak Film is the friendly film—the dependable film. It clears away the fog of guesswork. It is faithful to the picture. Use it always—to be sure.**

# Kodak film TO BE SURE!

Kodak Film No. 120 *known as* Brownie No. 2
8 EXPOSURES FOR 1/-

# Don't buy

# until you've tested for yourself . .

***Palmolive Shaving Cream is its own salesman. 87 men in every 100 of those who try it, adopt it.***

WHEN we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove at our expense, the things we claim.

### *The great majority adopt it*

Out of every hundred men who try Palmolive Shaving Cream, 87 find what they have sought, and never desert it. It has supplanted old methods and brought new shaving comfort and ease to thousands.

1,000 men were consulted before we started work. Their requirements were our guide. Our laboratories strove to fulfil their exacting order. After 129 formulas were discarded, success came. A shaving cream made on the olive oil principle, that embodied 5 exclusive features, was perfected.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face.

***These are the 5 unique features***

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for curling.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

### *And now the test*

We think our product deserves a trial. After all, we take the risk of pleasing you, and we are confident that we will.

***The coupon that wins friends***

**7 SHAVE TEST**

Simply insert name and address and send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE, Dept. S.C., 44, Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

NAME .....

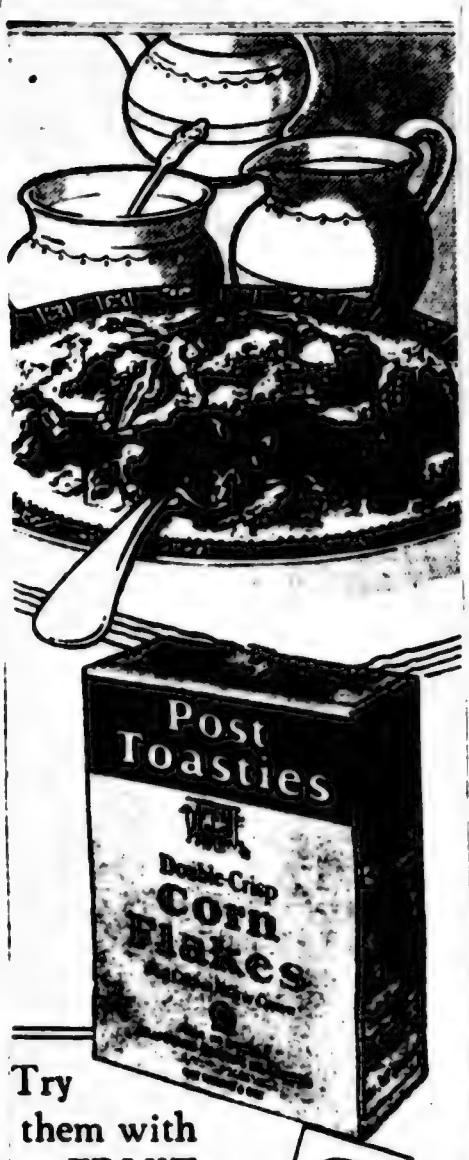
ADDRESS .....

.....

PLEASE PRINT NAME CLEARLY J.B. 21.6.30.

flavour

millions can't resist




Try them with FRUIT

9d

On a million breakfast tables all over the world Post Toasties are enjoyed every day. Once you've tried them with sugar and milk —or cream—you'll realise why. Post Toasties are just the white hearts of Indian Corn toasted until they're as crisp as a frosty morning—every crunchy, curly flake chock-full of irresistible flavour.

Post MADE IN CANADA

Double Crisp Toasties INDIAN CORN FLAKES

*Post Toasties are one of the Post Products, which include Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes.*

*Staid old Punch, in his sun-hat, watches the antics of—*

# HORSEY—Keep Your Tail UP!

*—the giddy filly*

THE world and his wife are at Olympia to-day for the International Horse Show. Sleek and glossy, immaculate from bit to brace, it is "tails up" with Dobbin and Ned, Wildfellow, Lone Star Ranger and all.

For this magnificent show, in common with similar but smaller displays all over the country this summer, is persuasive and picturesque proof that horses cannot be done without after all.

The prophets have been confounded and the robots rebutted. Petrol has not, you see, driven the horse off the roads, off the farm, out of the Army, and half out of the sports arena.

Horses held up all the traffic, did they? And were painfully slow at the plough. No up-to-the-minute tradesman would deliver in cumbersome horse-vans.

Only the dullards and doddering out-of-date would ride when petrol offered the thrill of driving. The cavalry would go the way of the hansom cab. Sportsmen would flock to the dirt-track.

Mechanism would, in fact, make metaphorical mincemeat of the once indispensable horseflesh. That was the vision.

## *Machines can't think*

It has not been realised. Tell such things to the Horse Marines. The blind, ungrateful and illogical prejudice against the horse has been checked.

He still counts as a tremendous economic factor in business, trade and industry. His tail is well up!

True, the growler and hansom are now merely an after-the-night-club thrill; once-gay Lancers ride unspurred in tanks; the grunt and rumble of the tractor is heard beyond the hedges.

Yet, for purposes of peace and war, the horse—humble, faithful and uncomplaining fellow—has still a big job of work to do.

The National Horse Association of Great Britain has produced definite proof that in certain trades, where the covering of short distances only is necessary, the horse definitely outrivals the motor-vehicle as an economic factor.

The association has irrefutable evidence that many organisations which had discarded horse-vehicles as being old-fashioned have replenished their stables, solely because their economic statistics favour the horse in competition with the motor.

Such statistics have been compiled from figures supplied by business organisations, borough councils and railway companies, and are undoubtedly authentic.

From Scotland Yard comes further convincing proof that the tide has turned.

Its traffic census in the Metropolitan area has for many years shown a decrease in horse-traffic and a corresponding increase in motor-vehicles.

But the decrease has been less marked each recent year, and it is conjectured that bedrock figures have now been reached.

Moreover, this census makes no distinction between the conveyance of goods and of passengers, and it is possible that, if a separate census dealing only with goods traffic could be taken it would be discovered that horse-traffic more than holds its own.

Listen to this printed testimony from one big organisation:

"It has been our experience that no car submitted to us can compete on a question of cost with a horse-vehicle doing twenty miles a day. For longer distances the motor is better, but more expensive.

## *Beats the car*

"It is definitely better to use a horse, when a horse can do the work, than to use a motor-van."

For deliveries of provisions, such as milk and bread, domestic necessities such as coal, and parcels, within a radius of five miles or so, the motor is unable to compete with the horse.

Horses are cheaper and they last longer.

It is not merely in this country that the reaction in favour of the horse has set in.

Even in the United States, a land permeated by the smell of petrol, the cheapness and efficiency of the animal has been convincingly demonstrated.

In Chicago, the average weekly cost of operating a horse-wagon milk-delivery round amounted to £13. The cost of a petrol-driven truck for similar work was £19.

The United States Trucking Corporation, which handles the huge parcel post of New York City, has dispensed with the motor-vehicle.

## *A farm groan*

Then, in agriculture, too, the horse which displaced the ox over a hundred years ago, and which was itself threatened, in turn, by the motor-tractor, is again holding high his head.

Hailed as a revolutionary advance in British farming methods, motor-traction has obviously proved a disappointment to the farmer, who has discovered that time-saving is not everything.

The general drift away from horses towards mechanical locomotion had a depressing effect on agriculture.

A horse consumes, on an average, the produce of about three acres of fertile land per annum. For every horse that has been dispensed with, therefore, three acres of land have lost value.

The state of the agricul try, indeed, is intimately the demand for industrial

The National Veterin Association has shown assume the annual cost of bedding a horse to be £ presence in this country industrial horses would market for £12,000,000.

The continued revival employment of horses breeding, may, therefor esting repercussions in agricultural world.

For ceremonial occasio is inevitably indispensab tureque, dignified and tra is part of the pomp of pag

It is difficult to imagi driving to the Trooping o in a Rolls, or the Prin the Guards mounted on a

The police the world o more faithful ally. For p and the regulation of crowd is indispensable.

## *Four-legged P.C.s*

City dwellers realise f worth of the mounted po value on great public occas demonstrated.

With what supreme magnificent animals gent the solid ranks of spectator never inflicting hurt!

At Olympia to-day the ho North-West Mounted are d ing their value in the far of Empire. With their s ters, in all their glory of and yellow, they are a pr of the show.

It is probable that th "Mounties" as long as Canada.

People who can afford it to riding as a relief from craze.

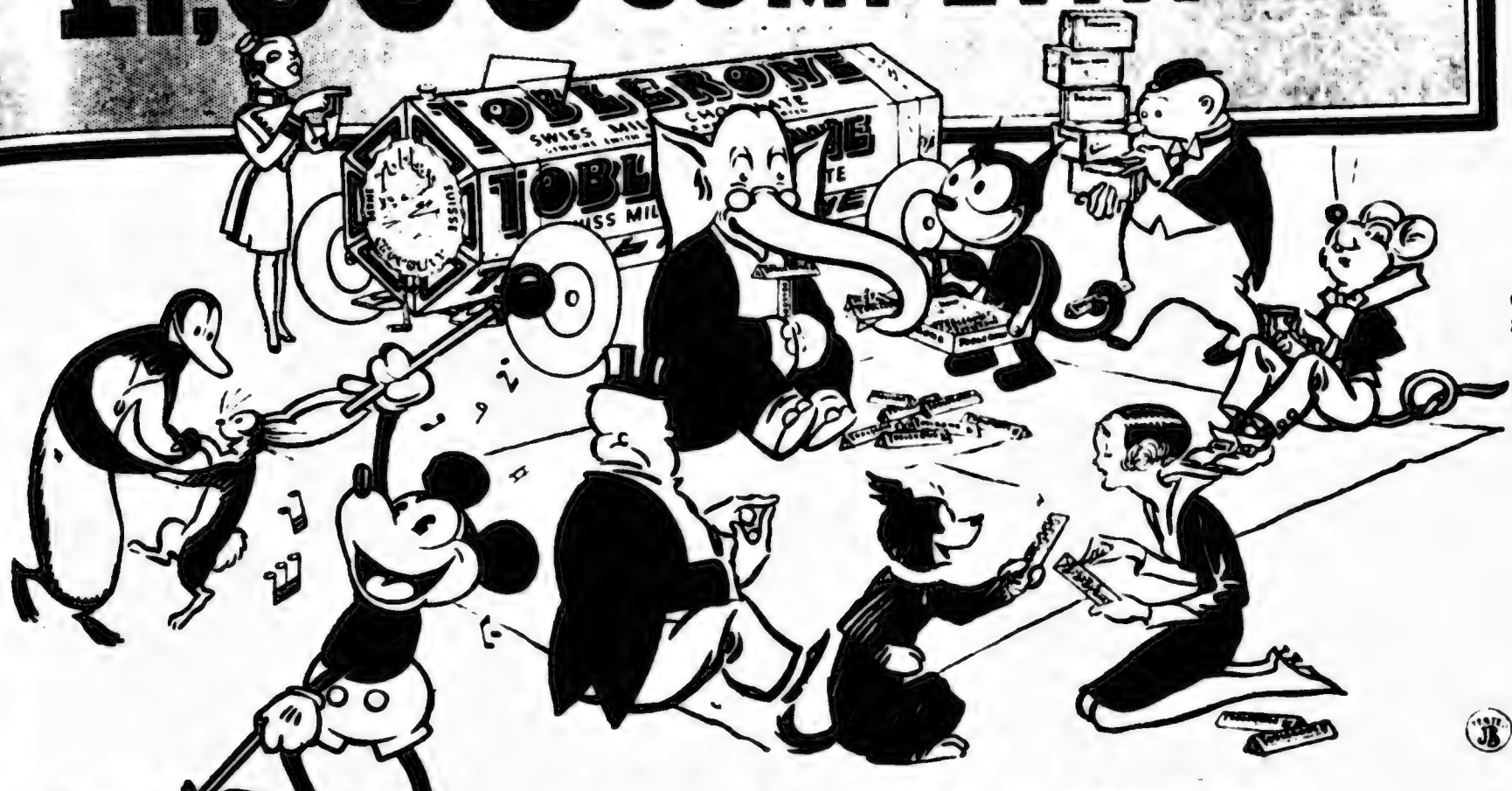
No, petrol has not yet horse of his heritage. He pivot around which revol "industry," in which the employed and millions inv

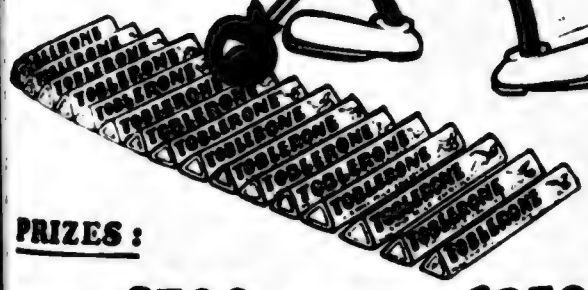
The world still loves h "tails up" to-day!

# TOBLERONE

## CHOCOLATE

# £1,000 COMPETITION




## CAN YOU COMPLETE THE SONG OF MICKEY MOUSE & CO?

"I'm very prone to Toblerone
It (1____) my nature sunny;
I sing, tweet tweet, of the Almonds Sweet
And the Alpine Heather Honey.

I never squeal for ham (2____) veal
Or the usual snacks pic-nicky,
But the (3____) sublime, at pic-nic time
Is Toblerone, for Mickey."

"Swiss Milk inside? I'm satisfied"
Says Felix; he's the (4____)
Says Pop, "I deem, it's full of cream
Or I'll (5____) through my hat."

Says Wilfred Bunny, "The milk and honey
(6____) my approbation
In this chocolate (7____) four flavours meet
In (8____) combination."

**PRIZES:**

**FIRST: £500 SECOND: £250**

**CONSOLATION PRIZES TOTALLING £215**

**Also Prizes of £25 and £10 respectively to Traders supplying the First and Second Prize Winners.**

### ENTRY CONDITIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

A. Each numbered blank in the verse represents ONE missing word. The competitor must link your suggestion for the missing word against the corresponding number on the Entry Form.

B. You may submit as many entries as you wish (subject to Condition C), and further entry forms may be obtained from your confectioner—or you may write out as many solutions as you wish, each on a separate piece of paper, and each bearing your name and address—by latest date for receiving entries, July 28, 1930.

C. Each separate entry must be accompanied by empty Toblerone Packets representing a purchase of Toblerone value 6d. You may send one 6d. Packet, or two 3d. Packets or three 2d. Packets, or you may send three entries with two 9d. Packets or two entries with one 1/- Packet.

D. The winning entries will be those nearest to the sealed solution in the possession of the Adjudicator. No obligations will be accepted for entries which may be lost in the post or otherwise fail to reach the Adjudicator.

E. In the event of two or more competitors tieing for a prize, the amount of the prize will be equally divided. The amount available for Consolation Prizes will be awarded in equal sums entirely at the discretion of the Adjudicator. Results will be announced in "The Daily Sketch" August 23rd, and prize-winners will be notified by post.

F. No employee of Chocolat Tobler Ltd., or of G. S. Royds, Ltd., Advertising Agents, shall be eligible to compete.

G. The Adjudicator shall be the Competition Editor of the "Daily Sketch," whose decision shall be final.

**TOBLERONE**

**SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE with ALMONDS and HONEY**

**ONLY 2d 3d 6d 9d and 1/- PER PACKET**

## ENTRY FORM

To be filled in and posted (with empty Packets—see condition C) to—Dept. H, Chocolat Tobler, Ltd. (P.O. Box No. 17), 30, Soho Square, London, W.1.

*Each number represents ONE word missing from the rhyme.*

1 ..... 5 .....

2 ..... 6 .....

3 ..... 7 .....

4 ..... 8 .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred' —it's fine

ROBERTSON—only maker.

WHY WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN AFFORD IT? Hire Purchase WAY MEANS LONGER TO PAY

MARVELLOUS VALUE OF LADIES' TAILORED TWEED COATS

FOR 2/- DOWN

FULL PRICE 29/11

READ THIS FIRST.

We not only want your custom for to-day. We want it for to-morrow and always.

We are so pleased with the cloth and production of this coat, we are sure that once you have tested the value of this offer you will repeat your order each Season. You will not wear this coat out, and only after you have had the pleasure of wearing it for a considerable time will you grow tired of it.

Made up of good quality hard-wearing Tweeds. Designed and tailored by experts. Cut on the most fashionable lines. Lined throughout best Silkaleen. Guaranteed not to fade, in shades of New Beige, New Brown, Lovat, New Stone, New Blue, and Grey. Price 36 11. 40 in., 38 in., O.S. and X.O.S. 3/- extra.

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# SHOCKS for STAMP-COLLECTORS

For the first ti… a woman … Mrs. Counc… Field presidin… Philatelic C…

TO the ordinary mortal a postage-stamp is simply a guarantee that his letter will duly be delivered to the address.

But to enthusiasts such as will meet in the Philatelic Congress at Torquay next week it means something rare and precious.

Seven millions sterling is the value put on stamps in the albums of collectors in Britain. Mr. F. J. Melville is the great authority, and he estimates the world value at £40,000,000.

There is, according to Mr. P. L. Pemberton, also a high authority, another million pounds' worth lurking in the old bureaux, solicitors' offices and banks in Britain, and obviously the same applies to other countries.

So there *is* money in stamps, as well as an absorbing interest—almost a passion—for collectors.

## *Stick-fast fortunes*

Other figures will enlarge the idea of values—the stamps at the last London exhibition were insured for a million pounds.

The famous Ferrari collection fetched nearly half a million at auction.

The Tapling collection in the British Museum is valued at a quarter of a million, and there are many more collections which run into six figures.

His Majesty's collection is in some respects the richest in the world, though its value, of course, can only be guessed.

If it ever came on the market, which is inconceivable, it would fetch a fantastic price, for sentimental reasons.

In Britain there are a quarter of a million known collectors. There are 500 registered dealers in England, the largest with a staff of eighty.

Six firms of philatelic auctioneers each hold an average of two sales a week all the year round.

Several printing-firms devote themselves more or less exclusively to albums, stock-books, and all kinds of philatelic accessories.

The greatest of our three standard catalogues runs to 1,350 closely printed pages, and lists over 200,000 varieties.

The finest stamp-library contains more than 3,000 volumes, and its owner constantly bewails its incompleteness

## *Pitfalls and ramps*

"Who's Who in Philately" is an annual trade publication, and sixty societies all over the Empire meet regularly for displays and discussion.

These societies are affiliated to the congress of Great Britain, which meets next week at Torquay—for the first time in its history under the chairmanship of a woman, Mrs. D. Field.

These experts are aware of certain pitfalls and ramps which have followed on the gigantic growth of stamp collecting as a hobby and an industry.

Enormous incomes are derived by modern Governments from the sale of unused stamps to collectors.

It costs no more to print a sheet of pound stamps than a sheet of farthing stamps, and the temptation to put on sale unnecessary high values, representing practically a net profit to their producers, has often been too great a temptation to withstand.

Very few such stamps are used and no real service is rendered to the public. This does not, however, apply to any British issues.

A second method by which unscrupulous Governments rake in the cash from collectors is by means of frequent and unnecessary general issues, usually commemorating some anniversary or professedly important event in their history.

Uruguay has had two sets to celebrate its football triumphs in the Olympic Games, and Soviet Russia, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland and the United States are prime offenders in similar ways.

Russia abolished stamps, as being a bourgeois institution, in 1918, but since resuming their manufacture in 1921 she has foisted more than 400 different varieties on the long-suffering philatelic public.

Issues of commemorative stamps have been known to be accompanied by results quite unlooked for by revenue authorities.

## *Killed in the rush*

Some weeks ago, when a few hundreds of Mexican *Servicio Oficial Aereo* stamps were issued and sold at twice their nominal value, it was necessary to have police present to maintain order.

The stamps sold eventually reached this country at four times the nominal value.

In Cairo, in 1926, when an issue of stamps in commemoration of the opening of Port Fuad was made, two men were killed and a large number injured in the rush which occurred at the Post Office.

## A BOUQUET for You

You'll meet Adamson on page 6

In contrast with this … issued four Wembley stamp… and the five values—½d., 1… and £1—commemorating … sal Postal Union Congress …

A curious story, illust… money to be made out … attaches to the £1 value … Union set.

## *A neat ruse*

A wide-awake busines… in excisable goods, bought … thousands of these £1 sta… sible, and paid duty on … them *via* Guernsey.

The stamps were remo… firm's agents and sold, po… the stamp trade at a fl… 7s. 6d. each. The firm thu… three-eighths of its tax a…

As the stamps were su… tailed to collectors all ov… at 18s. each, everybody … be said to have done ver…

In this country, though … sheet of stamps with some … gets into circulation, trem… is taken to avoid any ser…

A stamp with a wrong … or printed in the wrong … command a very high val… any dishonest person let … dealer's hands.

Our Post Office is very … reputation, however, and … clean record reflects gr… all concerned.

Other countries are … scrupulous.

Not only do spoiled she… get into circulation by co… in many cases Governmen… deliberately manufacture … the "benefit" of collecto…

## *Unslaked thirst*

Stamp-collectors genera… the end when they are be…

Their one abiding thi… seems impossible to satisfy … memorative issues connec… air, and enterprising … trade upon this mania.

The Americans, for in… just issued a set of thre… air stamps, commemorat… of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

A million pounds' wor… printed, and it is doubtful … as one-tenth will ever pa…

The remainder, less the … cost of production, will rep… net profit.

Oh, yes, there is money …

If you like Sardines—
you will like
NORWEGIAN
BRISLING
Better!

*Delicious for tea!*

*The seal of Quality*

THE FEARFUL "7"

KILL THEM ALL




*PRICES with FREE Mouth Spray: 2/- & 3/-. Special Hand Sprayers, 2/6 each. From all Chemists, Ironmongers Stores, etc.*

THESE insect pests carry disease into your home. Exterminate them with REX LIQUID INSECT KILLER.

REX brings quick and certain death to **all** vermin, but is harmless to humans and animals. Cannot stain. Pleasant smelling. Highly concentrated. It kills more insects for a halfpenny than any other preparation at any price. Get REX to-day and free your home of all insects.

£100 PRIZES

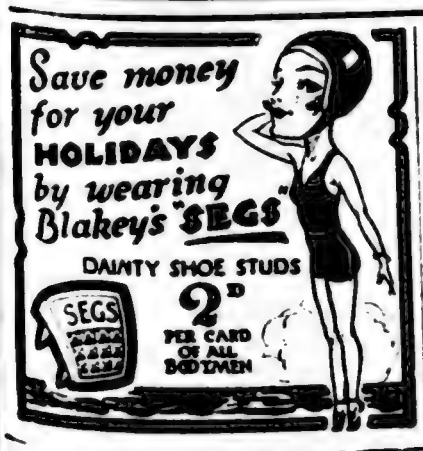
Big cash prizes are offered in a simple competition. Here are 12 letters: **A, B, C, E, F, G, H, I, L, M, N, O, P, S, T, U, W.** With them you can spell the name of ten insects. Can you find what appear on the REX bottle label, and the ... you have to do to enter is to ask for a bottle of REX, and a ... Chemist, Ironmonger ... giving full ... of the ... **FREE** ...

For garden ... AGRIC-X. 2/- bottle ...

SPRAY WITH BRITISH

REX

LIQUID INSECT KILLER

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Get instant relief!
NOSTROLINE
Nasal Specific
Real relief from Hay Fever! Just a touch of "Nostroline" inside your nose. Instant relief. Discharge stops. Oh the blissful comfort! Thousands use it every season. So should you! Chemists, 13
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Nostroline Labs., Clifton, Bristol

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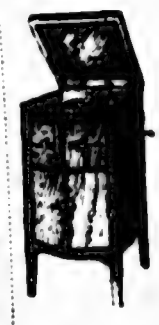

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PW111


*by* **Richard Aldington**

# HEROES ALL

*Illustrated by Herbert Hood*

*A "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" Story*

*"He had the nerve to stop and ask me if I was interested in botany"*

So far as most of the men of my generation are concerned there is one event which deeply marked our lives—in many cases ended them—and that is the European War.

The story I have to tell has the inevitable end of so many war stories, but apart from its pathos and tragedy has a certain curious interest.

The war had gone on a long time—immeasurable eternities—but I was still a private soldier when Second-Lieutenant Harrison was attached to my company.

He was an "old" man, at least forty, and he seemed almost a patriarch to us more or less war-battered fellows in the early twenties.

I don't quite know why he was sent to us; probably he had pulled wires to get himself sent to a front-line unit.

We watched him carefully and critically, as "the troops" always watched a new officer.

I admit we were distrustful. We had been used to much younger and sterner officers, who in a year or so of sharp experience had learned how to drive men to the last gasp of endurance.

Harrison was different—poor chap!

We were all devoted to him, with his quiet voice and gentle manner. He was not one of the bullying sort, but we always felt comfortable with him. We got to know that he thought of his men first and himself afterwards.

He was not one of those "military" officers, who make life a misery to everyone under their command.

He knew how to make allowances, how to overlook the little lapses and errors, provided the men were doing their best. And, after the first few days, they always did do th[eir best] him.

At first, I admit, his [manner] manner rather encourag[ed] "dodge the column." But [after] About the fifth or sixth [time] with us he took up a pa[rt] afternoon working-party [I] I don't remember. The [com]tion-trench was very long [and] mud and water—up to the [knees]

Harrison got tired of th[e] gress of over-burdened me[n] us out on top just at the ve[ry] shouldn't have done.

I knew it was wrong, an[d] else knew it was wrong, [the] newcomers; but the only [one] could protest to an offic[er] platoon-sergeant at the oth[er] the line of men.

Yet it looked a reasonab[le] get out of the trench—a co[m] large, ruined village, with a [few] of broken walls.

What Harrison didn't know this particular end of the v[illage] under direct observation from the enemy's observation-posts.

He got us out, correctly [spaced] sections with an interval betw[een] and then the inevitable, which waiting for, occurred.

Whizz! Crash! came the

(Continued on page 32)

# 'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS

## £50 for a Last Line

**£212 IN PRIZES**

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
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250 PARCELS (each value 10/-) of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

***The boxer lay flat on the floor,***
***Declining to rise and take more:***
***Thus in two "striking" rounds***
***He earned thousands of pounds***

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**CONDITIONS.**

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*Competition:* (Dept. 7,)
**WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

*Closing date:* Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, July 4, 1930.**
*Result:* A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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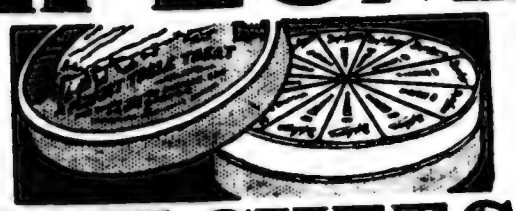

Cheddar or Cheshire

6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

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*Cut for Comfort — Made for Wear*

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

# "Heroes All"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

shell, a five-nine, and a damn good shot, plunk in the middle of the road, but luckily between two sections.

Almost immediately we heard the whizz of a battery discharge—four shells at once—and without waiting for orders everyone scattered and went to ground.

Crash! came the shells, beautifully aligned along the road. I found myself standing beside Harrison in the lee of a very battered wall, no real cover, but out of direct observation.

He very calmly lit a cigarette; then said to me:

"You know each of the section-commanders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go and find each of them. Tell them to collect their men, draw them off in extended order through the ruins, and rendezvous in Malta Alley, about 100 yds. this side the support-line. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Off with you."

It wasn't a job I cared for, with those five-nines coming down like explosive meteors all along the road; but I found the non-coms. and delivered the message.

THEN as a bit of a quiff and perhaps to show him that we knew more of the war than he did, I slung my rifle and walked back to him along the shelled road, instead of worming off with the others.

He saw me, and came straight out to meet me.

"Have you delivered the messages?"

"Yes, sir. They're slipping away in ones and twos now."

"I ought to strafe you for coming back in the open like that and giving us away. But since you're so fond of the open road, we'll go that way together."

I shan't easily forget that 500-yds. stroll. The five-nines were coming down all along the road. The sweat poured from under my tin hat, and the shirt was clammy on my back, but Harrison was as calm as if he were going to church on a peaceful May morning in the country.

There were some wild flowers by the roadside, and he had the nerve to stop and ask me if I was interested in botany.

I forget what I answered; I only know I was very glad when we got into the cover of Malta Alley. That was the third longest 500 yds. I ever traversed.

AFTER that, of course, we knew he had guts, and never played the fool with him. The whole company got to love that man, with his easy, gentle ways and sympathy for our suffering. We'd have done anything for him.

He had a wife in England and a young son, we discovered.

He had come out, not because he believed in war—least of all our particular little mess—but because he was the kind of man who has a feeling of loyalty to others, who felt he ought to take his chance with them.

He never went joy-riding when on rest, never hunted out brothels with the other subalterns, never drank anything but a ration of Army rum.

He lived for his wife and boy, saved every penny of his pay he could to send them, and spent hours a week writing long letters to them.

Some of the troops jibed at him. But we, who knew him, knew better. We'd have done anything for that man.

Of course, he was killed; all the best men were killed or nastily smashed. He died in a very decent way. I was with another party that night, and only heard about it from others.

It appears that Harrison and his orderly were very much attached to each other, in the rather dumb, bleak way Englishmen feel affection.

The working-party was severely strafed—I saw the bombardment from where I was—and Harrison ordered them into a dug-out

When it was crowded to the door, there was room for the whole party except one man. Harrison and his orderly stood in the trench until everyone else was packed in, and then Harrison said:

"Get in."

"Beg pardon, sir; can't leave you in the trench, sir."

"I told you to get in."

"Not while you're out 'ere, sir, I won't."

All this time the shells were crashing round them like mad.

"D'you know you're disobeying an officer's orders in the face of the enemy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why don't you do as you're told?"

"You can run me in if y' like, sir, but . . ."

And then this most unsoldierly altercation was cut short for ever by a shell, which wounded the orderly and killed Harrison outright. . . .

Eighteen or twenty months later I was back in the line, this time in command as an officer. I must say we were a pretty poor lot. The division had copped out nicely, and we were reinforced with apologies for soldiers.

The kind of men I had known as platoon and company commanders were now dead or disabled or majors and colonels; the kind of men I had lived and worked with in the line as a private were also dead or subalterns like myself.

We had been largely reinforced by eighteen-year-old boys. They did their best—but—well, I was sorry for those boys.

In those days the horrors of war were reinforced by the "intensive training" in and out of the line, which made life a misery for officers and men alike

ONE youngster gave me a lot of trouble. He was better educated than most of the others, but he was a real wash-out.

He didn't actively thwart orders, but he was one of the numerous heavy passengers through the war. He just went through the motions of being a soldier, and that was all.

Naturally, he was always in trouble, and more than once he was up before me on some charge or other. I lectured him severely in the approved manner, but it didn't seem to do much good.

Then, one afternoon "on rest," he was particularly annoying and stupid when I was drilling the whole company.

I thought I'd try to find out what was the matter, and before dismissing the company ordered him to stay behind and come to me. He saluted in a lackadaisical way, and stood looking at me with red-rimmed, dreary eyes, rather hunted and animal-like.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him. "You're always in trouble; you're always slack; you're a nuisance to me and everyone else in the company. Why the devil don't you buck up and do your duty?"

"Some of us were not made to be soldiers, sir. Some of us have other duties more important."

HE looked at me with eyes of hatred. I represented the awful devil of authority, driving him to death. It seemed hopeless to try to get at him. I said:

"Many of us feel like that, but we do our best, nevertheless. I . . ."

"Yes, sir, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Well, sir, my father volunteered and was killed. It nearly drove my mother mad. I didn't want to go to the war, and there she is over in England driven to despair. I'm all she's got left."

And then he did an awful thing. He burst into tears—most disgraceful in a soldier. I was embarrassed.

Well, I did my best for the boy. I

"SINS of the FATHERS"

*Next Week's True Story by*

Philip Inman

got him sent on a cour... a job on my company h...

But then I was promo... battalion headquarters, a... volved with the rearguar... the Germans retired.

I'm afraid I rather los... —so many men disappear... life in those days.

We didn't do so badly... vance. The few months... had pulled our dud lot well.

I watched them go over... from battalion headquarter... did it well. Kept their... platoon formations as well... done in the practice attac... the lines.

Then I went over with m... of headquarters men, a... noisy and smoky.

Presently I saw the c... lying on a sort of hummock... ing his hand to me. I t... him, and I still remember h... it was to run through the b... how heavy my light office...

The colonel said, or ra... through the din:

"We seem to be held up... objectives—machine-guns... to right company—you go... Find what's happening... scupper the gun."

I said: "Very good, sir."

I sent my details forward... which was sheltered by... ground, and went off on m...

The German shelling on... the air was a hellish... machine-gun bullets.

SUDDENLY I saw the... pany jumping up in... and advancing. I g... where there was a s...

On the verge was a b... German machine-gun, w... gunners dead beside it. O... had long moustaches, gl... on his face by fresh blood.

In front lay a little s... dead English soldiers. I c... looking at them, to see wh... lost. The furthest from the... that young boy, dead, with... look of despair and horror...

The awful thing was th... fallen forward—with his... from the enemy.

Of course, he might have... and fallen that way. I did... see which side the bullets h... I wanted at least to keep a...

The task of writing ho... mother fell to his then comp... mander, and not to me... know what he said:

"Your boy died a hero's d... ing a charge against a... machine-gun post. He... through the heart, and died...

We always wrote that sor...

And I'm glad in a way... snivelling youngster was... Harrison—he brave, the de... voted, the man for whom... have died!

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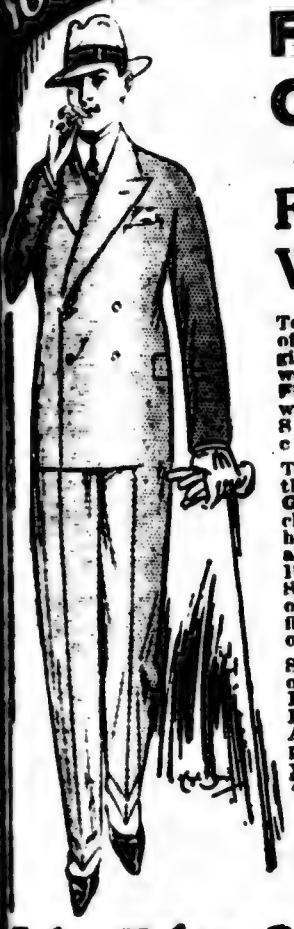

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The newest and latest scientific treatment for Indigestion needs no three-times-a-day dosing with Magnesia, Bicarbonate of Soda and other temporary palliatives. It gets right down to the root of the trouble viz., the lazy glands which are failing to secrete the body's own natural digestive juices and so cause this distressing condition.

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# SAILOR-LOVER'S CRY *from a Foreign Jail*

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS

*HERE you read some touch problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.*

THOUGH I am the son of a master shoemaker, intended to follow the trade, I was born with the wanderlust.

I wanted to go to sea the minute I left school, and when I was opposed by my father, I ran away and shipped as a boy "hand."

After only a few weeks, I was so sick and disillusioned that but for my pride I would have gone back.

Three solid years were spent in greasy dish-washing, deck-scrubbing, rust-scraping and similar soul-stifling jobs, but I did not give in.

I worked all round the world as an A.B., first on sailing vessels, then on steamboats, and always throwing away my earnings whenever I touched port.

During one of my spells ashore in England, I fell in with a lovely girl of nineteen, whom I had left six years before as a gawky, long-legged schoolgirl.

We loved madly, and for the last two days of my shore-leave we lived together as man and wife.

But once at sea a colder reason asserted itself. I was earning little, and knew it madness to drag a refined girl out of her home environment and allow her to tie herself to a roving, thriftless fellow.

This mood lasted until New York was reached, but here, most unexpectedly, I was offered a shore job at a good salary.

I seized it eagerly, and saw in it an opportunity to make and save a bit of money to start in life, return home, and redeem my promise to my girl.

But before the end of a week the emigration squad caught me, and for six months they have landed me in the county jail, where I have been languishing without trial.

They do these things slowly in America. I can get no information through, though some of my fellow-prisoners say that we shall probably get a further spell of jail and then be sent to Ellis Island to await deportation.

The delay is driving me mad, because I now hear that my girl will soon be a mother, and I want to get home to marry her before the child is born.

If I cannot, I won't say what will happen, for I feel like a murderer, and, indeed, I think I would murder someone to get out of this detention.

"HUMANIST" says: Don't talk like a fool, and an insane one at that. Await your deportation like a man and then take up the responsibilities you have incurred. Your child will be legitimized when you marry the mother.

It will be up to you to support them both by working hard and observing the laws in whichever country you are domiciled.

## "HALVES, PARTNER"

### —*tragic version*

THE first three of my eight years of wedded life were very happy, but when my first child, now a boy of five, was born, my husband's attitude changed completely.

He not only showed no affection, but became actively abusive and threatening and positively mean.

He earns over £4 a week, and often has overtime, but all he allots to the housekeeping is £2.

Out of my £2 I have to provide for everything, pay rent and insurances, and get—or go without—new clothes for the boy and myself. He will not give me one extra shilling for holidays or any amusements.

My husband, on the other hand, does himself well. He buys up-to-date clothes, and goes regularly to the pictures and other amusements.

When I insist that I... boy's school boots, the...
The years of worry, ... must be telling on me... husband has taken to ... and take "the brat"... has someone waiting ... take my place as soon ...
This is the more cruel ... tried to be a good wife ... hard worker, keeping my ... and ... bours ...
We ... neither ... thirty ... marria... for a ... this ...

"HUMANIST" says: The... compelling an unjust hus... a just proportion of h... his family. Reverse the ... the brute." Try a little ... vation.

## SECRET BEHIND

### *a lucky job*

I WAS "one of the un... long that I began to ... ever finding a job again. A... fell in with a man wh... interest himself in getting ... a rather out-of-the-way ...
Next day I was taken ... that all my work was to ... the night time. I was ... with two others in a small ... dismantling old, second-hand ...
My wife, with regular ... coming in, began to sing ... work; getting back our home ... old ship-shape, comfortable ...
But I am uneasy about ... the workshop, and I feel I ... my employment.
I feel quite positive that ... cars we dismantle are ...
Sandwiched among the ... deal with, there comes every ... again a bright and beautiful ... We are ordered to drop all ... the newcomer apart.
Really fine cars are ... incredible speed, and the ... condition, rushed away ...
It is hard to give up work ... again the despairing abyss ... ployment, and I would like ...

"HUMANIST" says: Y... hearty sympathy. By ... may be implicated. If you ... your suspicions are cor... Chief Constable the whole ...
He may be able to find ... employment.

# THE VOICE

HOMELY WISDOM

By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

IN company with thousands of readers of these words, I sat listening on the wireless lately to the sound of Amy Johnson's voice coming through to us from Australia. The marvel of it is as great in its way as her historic flight.

To hear a woman's voice speaking to us quite plainly from a distance of ten thousand miles or more is a thrilling experience.

But I wonder how many who shared that experience were struck as I was by the quality of the voice itself. It conveyed much more than mere sound and words; it revealed character.

The people listening along with me as the voice came through the loud-speaker in my sitting-room all agreed that we knew more about Amy from that little speech than from all we had read about her in the newspapers.

HER tone and accent somehow made us feel that she was a thoroughly nice girl, good-natured and kindly, as well as strong and self-reliant.

Here was no shrieking hoyden, but a well-poised, sensible and modest young woman, a woman who could be trusted not to make a fool of herself or of the lucky man who gets her for a wife.

She is not a masculine woman either, but quite feminine in her ways and temperament.

All this we inferred simply from hearing her voice across an inconceivably vast distance and without having seen her face.

Have you ever noticed what a tale-teller the voice is? You meet for the first time a person of whom you have heard.

The very sight of him gives you a new impression of what he is as compared with, say, what you have gathered from a photograph; but it is not until he speaks that you actually know the man —or the woman, as the case may be.

It is the voice that gives ... sonality.

Insincerity betrays itself... If you are wise in heeding ... and honesty and truth ... in the same way.

To some extent, the ... with the mood. Who ... the shrill accent of malice ... the low hiss of hate?

THE tender strain of love ... music, as has the ... sympathy in trial and ... quiet assurance of com... sorrow.

The hard, rasping tone ... selfish tyranny is utterly ... the naturally harsh timbre ... that yet rings with ... loyalty.

There is many a voice ... called musical which fails ... the ear all the same becau... of sterling worth. On the ... singer's lovely voice may ... lovely nature.

Keep careful watch over ... which you live your life; for ... or good, mean or noble, you ... ceal it. Your words may ... but your voice will.

"What you are," ... "thunders so loudly in ... cannot hear what you say.

## *A Holiday Tip*

Don't say "Good-bye" to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund when you pack up for your holidays.

Those delightful hours in the country or by the sea will be longer and fuller and happier if you've brought a touch of sunshine into a dark life. See page 12.

# eat more 'green label' INDIAN MANGO CHUTNEY

TENS of thousands now do so. It's as good as a Salad, less costly, and needs no preparing. Better than any vegetable pickle. Does not overheat the blood like some Sauces. Makes all food more enjoyable—and does you good, too!

'green label' Chutney consists only of tender, juicy slices of the Apoos (Alphonse) INDIAN MANGO fruit, combined with choice Oriental spices selected for their aromatic and dietetic properties.

Adds the "finishing touch," and makes such a tremendous improvement to every meal.

The flavour is so exciting and "more-ish." You will like it with hot foods—and no cold meat is complete without it.

Adds a zest to appetite. Stimulates and aids digestion.

For your own Protection see the WORDS 'green label' and the Tom-Tom man TRADE MARK on every bottle.

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"It's the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

# BIRD'S CUSTARD

*is "Something to sing about"*

C.2

# For really tasty snacks

The tenderest, tastiest, most tempting Corned Beef obtainable is Armour's Veribest Corned Beef. It's cheaper than cheese and just as nourishing. Ready sliced too. It provides a splendid meal at a moment's notice. Your grocer supplies Armour's Veribest, sliced or in tins.

# Armour's Veribest CORNED BEEF

There's lots of work still to be done.
But she must have her luncheon at one.
With a sandwich to bite,
She is filled with delight.
For they're Armour's and simply A. 1.

**Free**

*Get your grocer to tell you about Armour's Free Trial Offer which holds good until June 30th.*
This offer is available in United Kingdom only.

Armour's Veribest Ox Tongues are perfectly delicious. Try one and see.

A B 30/10

# SELFRIDGE'S

CHROMIUM PLATED TOURIST CYCLE

9/3

And 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase.

This wonderful 1930 Model is an entirely British product—British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. All Bright Parts Chromium Plated

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

| | |
|---|---|
| DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES. | STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED. |
| DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE. | OILBATH CHAIN CASE. |
| RENOLD Best made PITCH CHAIN. | VALANCED MUDGUARDS. |

Cash Price £5.19.6 GUARANTEED 20 YEARS.

WOMEN'S MODEL £6.5.0 9/6 NOW and 14 payments of 9/6

Send at once for Illustrated List to Dept. J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST. LONDON.


## £550 AWARDED IN "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 66.

*Correct solutions in Crossword No. 66 were received from the following four competitors, who will, subject to the conditions of the contest, divide the £500, each receiving £125.*

Mrs. E. Brown, 72, Northumberland Terrace, Willington Quay-on-Tyne.
Guardsman J. McKie, No. 21, Married Qts., Hyde Park Barracks, S.W.
T. J. Davies, 30, Glyn Terrace, Treforest, Mon.
J. Patterson, The Manse, Arrochar, Nr. Glasgow.

*Solutions containing one error were received from the following 61 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 4s. 6d.*

Allan, E., 7, Allan Park Cres., Bridge of Allan, S.B.; Allen, Mrs., 12, Ramornie Place, Penarth, Glam.; Andy, A., 20, Broadwood Rd., Willesden, N.W.10; Beeston, Miss D., 146, Newbridge Rd., Hull; Bellaire, Mrs. K., 27, Denton St., Wandsworth, S.W.18; Blakeley, Mrs. A., 73, Windward St., Bolton St., Manchester; Bown, R. G., 3, Methuen Rd., Newport, Mon.; Bull, Mrs. F., 35, Bourne Avenue, Windsor, Berks.; Burgin, D., 26, Barnsley Rd., Stairfoot, Barnsley; Cleaver, A., 2, Barnard St., Thornaby-on-Tees, Crowther, A., 213, Lockwood Rd., Huthersfield; Forrest, P. F., 29, Crouch Rd., Leicester; Francis, F. W., Church St., Rawtry, S. Yorks.; Hoar, F., High St., Eastchurch, Kent; Hurzin, F. W., 279, Thornton Rd., Bradford; Mrs. Hunter, J. C., 79, Grange Rd., Sheffield; Jaeger, T., 4, Hillside Av., Partwood, Mottlesfield; James, F. A., Royal Hotel, Beacon-Way, Hereford; Jarratt, L., 1005, Ealing Park Gardens, South Ealing, W.5; Johnson, W. J., 6, Ash Grove, Miles St., Bermondsey, Kominki, J., Caerwedros, Llandyssilio, Cardigan; Lambert, J. K., 11, Claremont Crescent, Scarcroft, Leeds; Mary, [illegible], 29, Thomas St., Macerly, Rhondda; Mattel, G., 7, Prospect Place, St. Nicholas, Thanet; Morrison, E., Stoke Rd., Denver, Downham Market, Norfolk; North, R., 6, Church Terr., Treforest Glam.; Peabley, W., Millbrook, Stairbridge, Pennel, Mrs. J., 6, Bridgegate, Peebles; Pirkin, W., 29, Sandhurst St., Burnley; Purpedt, W., 33, Primrose St., Astley Bridge, Bolton; Price, S., Gladstone Place, Caterham; Sir Pentrymal, Mon.; Read, F. W., 329, Cavendish Rd., Balham, S.W.12; Robertson, W., 49, Market St., Musselburgh; Robinson, H., 6, Chapel St., Scarcroft, Chas.; Rothwell, A., 202, Oldham Rd., Newton Heath, Manc.; Sayer, W. T., 4, Onslow Rd., Edgeley, Stockport; Sheard, E., 38, Benson St., Leeds, South; [illegible], 4, 88., 100, Argyllton St., Highgate, Birmingham; Sweet, T., Brenham, Bedford; Watten, Mrs. J. W., 82, Quay Rd., Bridlington, Yorks.; Wilson, Miss W., 1, Keree View, Grangemouth, S.B.

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 36. Try Your Skill Now!

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Hair still smooth and neat after a strenuous day in town—still retaining its early morning gloss! It's always so with men who use Anzora—the finest Hair fixative—the original—and British. Refuse all substitutes.

Anzora Cream, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows. Anzora Viola, for dry scalps, contains a little oil of violets. Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and stores.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

# *If I were* the Prince of Wales

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject [illegible] exceeding 100 words, are invited [illegible] paid for each letter published. Envelopes [illegible] "Letter Parliament," must reach us by [illegible] Tuesday, June 24.

## My Ideal Summer Holiday Plan

I SHOULD send for Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin and ask them to advise me as to how I could help in the unemployment problem.

I should ask them to meet me as men, and not as politicians, and tell them that I should be willing to preside over meetings between these three, provided that Party was left entirely in the background.

Surely the united brains of these men can evolve some method of staying the march of unemployment.—*C. B., York.*

### *World Brotherhood*

I would use my influence to instigate and foster a new brotherhood of mankind, its object being world peace in our time.

Make it lasting and absolutely unassailable, then the yet unborn generations to come may read that the last world's upheaval was not all in vain; that the heroism and sacrifices made were worth while.

I would eliminate all class-distinction from the ruling bodies of our Empire, give brains an equal chance, and institute a Government of people for the people.—*R. A. Johnson, Maida Hill, W.*

### *Even as He Does*

I should go through all my duties with the stubbornness of a true Briton.

Always with me would be the sense of my high calling, ever the knowledge of the need of a favourable influence on the nation generally.

However much wearied of the show, however much physically tired at the moment, I should force myself to be invariably courteous and smiling to all, to take a keen interest in everything, and wave and smile to the little ones with their tiny flags.—*E. A. Lugard, Devon.*

### *Make it a Haven*

I would do my utmost to foster friendly feeling and intercourse between all countries.

I would treat rich and poor alike, and endeavour by my sympathy and practical help to endear myself to all.

My chief aim would be to enable my subjects to be self-supporting, and by fostering the right spirit between employer and employee make the lands over which I ruled a heaven on earth, or at least a haven.—*E. Jones, S. Wales.*

### *Like Ances'or Alfred*

I would want to get away from the fawning sycophants of both sexes whose sole occupation seems to be following the Prince.

With a trusted comrade I would travel the length of Britain *incognito;* see the actual conditions in which the poor exist; visit the churches, workhouses and factories, and talk to the men I met.

Then I would write a book about my experiences. I'd tell the whole truth without trimmings.

Such an indictment would make M.P.s realise that the Prince was a leader, a thinker, and a hater of shams and injustice. It might even goad them into activity and get things done.—*Nemo, Durham.*

### *The Greatest Coalition*

I should sound a clarion note on the "Wake Up, England!" lines, calling for a national effort to solve the unemployment problem.

My voice, untrammelled by Parliamentary procedure, would reach a benevolently minded audience which no political pronouncement could possibly hope for.

It would have a captivating effect on the conscience of captains of industry, as well as the general fair-minded public.

I should call into operation a coalition capable of achieving in peace times what a certain other Coalition achieved in the Great War.—*M. T. Ovens, Norfolk.*

### *Slums, Ltd.*

I'd shame the nation into solving the slum problem by floating a gigantic company with a corresponding capital. I'd be more than a figurehead in it. I would be its driving-force.

Vested interests would fly in the face of my efforts. Insanitary property would soon be a thing of the past, giving place to dwellings fit for human habitation.

Those of my wealthy acquaintances whose incomes are in part derived from such a tainted source would be made to look "sick."—*T. Browne, Anfield.*

### *To be a Nobody*

I should wish, at times, that I were *not* the Prince of Wales. I feel that I should want to be, now and then, just Tom, Dick or Harry.

I might be somewhat impatient occasionally at the immense respect which would, of course, have to be shown to me by all persons, and perhaps wish that some of them wou[illegible] ment by way of a chang[illegible]

One of the things I sh[illegible] would be the increased [illegible] have of doing some litt[illegible] benefit of my fellow-c[illegible] think I should exercise [illegible] often as possible. *H. [illegible] Greenock.*

### *Dragon-Slayer*

I would organise a sch[illegible] the whole Empire into ar[illegible]

In every area I would [illegible] and general in charge, [illegible] responsible for seeing [illegible] commodity used in tha[illegible] Britain should have an o[illegible] supplying.

All information to be co[illegible] lish headquarters, which [illegible] a clearing-house for manuf[illegible] and the generals in the [illegible]

Thus as head of a trad[illegible] my great foreign experie[illegible] slay the dragon of unem[illegible] lowing the princely trad[illegible] *Thomas Atkinson, Liverpo[illegible]*

### *Honest Affection*

I'm afraid I'd be awfull[illegible]

I'd be cocky about hav[illegible] who was beautiful and d[illegible] yet so kind; about having a dad who was so loved that the whole [illegible] hardly breathed while he [illegible] cause I could put up a good game golf; sit and choose a horse with the best of 'em; generally enjoy life and yet carry out my responsibilities efficiently.

And I'd burst with pride [illegible] the people loved me—no [illegible] sentimental bosh, but real [illegible] British affection.—*P. B., L[illegible]*

• • •

### *"I Serve"*

I would search for a wife [illegible] the Duchess of York, not [illegible] own completeness, but to [illegible] heart of the entire Empire. [illegible] *Hindley.*

I would demand a voice [illegible] legislation for the welfare [illegible] people.—*E. M. H., Liverpool.*

I would invite all those Members of Parliament who are opposed to the Coal Bill to accompany me on a [illegible] sonal, visit to the distressed mining areas.—*Miner, Crook.*

I would try and solve the unemployment problem—for one [illegible] *Deeks, Essex.*

I should desire to lose my Royal identity for at least six months in every year.—*H. J. H., Kent.*

As Duke of Cornwall, I sh[illegible] people out of Kennington [illegible] to the ground.—*Aussie, St[illegible]*

My desire would be to see [illegible] prosperous, healthy and happy when I ascended the throne. I would be known as Edward, King of England.—*James Nelson, Bu[illegible]*

My ambitions could be realised at one stroke, but then life might become unbearable if desire were satisfied and there was nothing left to wish for.—*David H. Graham, Woodford.*

I would use my tremendous influence on behalf of the poor girls [illegible] sweated in innumerable [illegible] tailors' shops in the East End of London.—*Jean MacKendrick, Surrey.*

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# Three Good Things

A LARGE number of my followers do not appear to grasp the principle of the JOHN BULL Code, for during the past few weeks I have received many requests for Code books.

There is no Code book. The key appears below, and is revised weekly. The selections, in code, appear daily in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*.

*J. Canty, Ireland's crack jockey*

I struck a bad patch at Epsom, but, fortunately, John Dory and Cleveland—a 10½ to 1 double at Hurst Park—saved the situation.

Ascot will be almost over by the time these notes appear. I trust on this occasion it will be the punters, and not the "bookies," who are able to make tracks with the swag for the Riviera.

Whichever way the luck goes at the Royal meeting, there is another good feast in store next week, when the Northumberland Plate—popularly known as the Pitmen's Derby—the Irish Derby and the Newbury Summer Cup are staged.

I am inclined to give Ballyferis another chance at the Curragh. Before Epsom Joe Canty said he expected to win the Derby, the St. Leger and the Irish Derby on the son of Apron.

The Pitmen's Derby looks "good" for Mountain Lad. Captain Gooch's stayer has not a very bright lot to beat.

Noble Star should shine at Newbury. Seven stone is a feather-weight for a colt who was expected to win the Derby.

If Ascot treats you badly, try L'Odeon and Osculator at Windsor this week-end.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 19, to Wednesday, June 25.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | S | 3 | O | E | J | W | G | P | X | C | Z | R | H | L |
| 9 | I | K | 2 | F | M | D | V | Y | B | Q | 5 | T | N | U |

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. JSWU2RNS9H would read MIDLOTHIAN.

"SILVER RING."

# HOW TO CHOOSE A FACE POWDER

## *What the modern girl should demand.*

*By a Beauty Specialist.*

See that your face powder is so fine and light as to be almost invisible on the face. Yet it must really take away every trace of shine and greasiness. See that it does not contain any hard, gritty particles to enter the pores and enlarge them. There must be sufficient variety of really good shades, so that you can find one to match your complexion perfectly. Your face powder must not harm the skin, but actually protect and act as a tonic. Last, but most important, *a powder that will*

These requirements are completely fulfilled in Poudre Tokalon, the marvellous Vanishing Cream face powder, in which Vanishing Cream is blended by a patented process. It will stay on in spite of wind and weather, in spite of perspiration from dancing in hot ballrooms. It imparts a delightful natural beauty. You will be delighted at the immediate improvement in your attractiveness. Try a box to-day. Satisfactory results are guaranteed

Rachel shade (dark Rachel) is specially suitable for tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. Sold in a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/3. Refills 9d.


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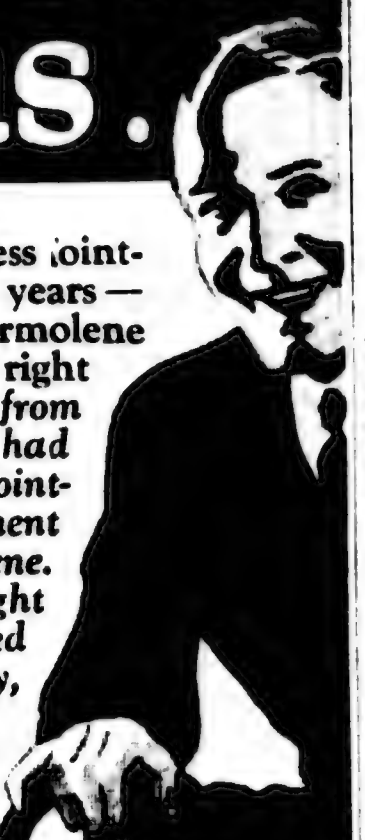
**Turn to Page 25 !**

A very Simple Competition is announced by the proprietors of TOBLERONE Chocolate on p. 25. Don't miss it! £1,000 in prizes! Send in your entry NOW!



# VARICOSE ULCERS 2 *relieved with* 2 tins.



HE spent pounds on useless ointments, suffered for years—until TWO TINS of Germolene did the trick; healed his leg right up! He writes: *"I suffered from varicose ulcers for years, and had wasted pounds on useless ointments, when your advertisement persuaded me to try Germolene. THE SECOND TIN brought relief—my leg completely healed up!"* — *Mr. John McQuitty, 10, Nile Street, Belfast.*

He wouldn't be cured now, if Germolene were an ordinary *antiseptic*. But because it is ASEPTIC—very different!—it gently *ejects* the germs and poison, instead of painfully trying to *burn* them out. The first touch banishes pain; while special tissue building qualities build up the raw, sore tissues, forming healthy new skin—without scars! For *any* skin trouble—use Germolene NOW. For emergencies, always keep a tin *handy* on the bathroom shelf.

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**Germolene**

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

1/3 and 3/-

GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP (6d.) banishes spots and blemishes, brings healthy skin.



# Fashion's Latest Model

THIS

## Ambron Belted CORSELETTE

Ideal Comfort, Style & Uphold. Try on Approval. **1/-**

The Mode Now.

The distinguishing feature of this Ambron Belted Corselette is luxurious comfort in wear, with perfect grace of model and figure outline. In addition there is the delightful "uphold" of the underbelt to relieve weight or fullness and obviate fatigue.

It is made in a lovely stripe Coutille, pink or white, with elastic insets on hips and coil supports continuous down back. Underbelt has 7-inch busk, shoulder bands adjust Bust height, and there are six suspenders. Equally suitable for slim, medium, and full figures.

Truly a wonderful Bargain. See it for 1/- deposit, and remit balance by monthly instalments, if preferred.

**FULL 8/11 PRICE**

**Bargain Coupon—Belted Corselette**

Please send me, on approval, at this week's bargain price of 8/11, a new Ambron Belted Corselette, to following measurements:—

Bust ..... Hips .....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.

*Please state if Pink or White preferred*

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each or more. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

*Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.*

John Bull, 21/6/30. No. 409.

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WE also offer amazing value in Furs, Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the rest in monthly payments if satisfied. All goods sent on approval.

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## NO NEED TO BE ANÆMIC.

### Sufferings that can be Banished.

"She is nothing like the girl she was" is the plaint of many anxious mothers who see their daughters in their 'teens growing pale and fragile. From being bright, bonny girls, they have become moody and miserable, often having headaches, while any little exertion causes palpitation, or severe pains in the back. They are finicky over their food, and what little appetite they have is for unwholesome foods.

This miserable state of health is due to anæmia, and should on no account be neglected. Delay in treatment often leads to a decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched and increased there need be no cause for anxiety. New blood is the only cure for anæmia, and it is because Dr. Williams' pink pills actually make rich red blood that they so promptly and surely banish anæmia and all its miseries. These pills will build up your daughter's health and ensure for her a healthy robust womanhood.

So give your anæmic daughter a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box. (378)

FREE. Every girl who needs a guide to health should read "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 30, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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The pain and discomfort of hot, tired feet are mainly due to two things—first, swelling arising from relaxation of the tissues, second, the accumulation of acid secretions (perspiration) in the pores. By positively removing both these causes 'Tiz' gives quick relief and lasting comfort. The moment you put your feet into a soothing 'Tiz' foot-bath all aches and pains disappear, the pores are freed of acid accumulations, swelling is reduced, fiery burning is ended and sagging tissues are braced up so that your feet feel refreshed, comforted and strengthened. Unlike water-softening compounds which still further swell and soften the feet, 'Tiz' is astringent in action and proves a real tonic for tired, burning feet. Ask your chemist for a 1s. 3d. box of 'Tiz' (40 tablets)—there is nothing else so good for foot troubles. (38)

*It's in your own hands*

to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."

ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A. G." WAY

You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The BEST the world produces.

## WRITE NOW! IT'S FREE!

5/6

Read some Richelieu Watch, accurately timed, dustproof case, complete with strap. Lady's or Gent's size 5/6

See the amazing money saving offers in Watches and Jewellery in H. Samuel's 100-page FREE BOOK! Send postcard to the Factory now. Handsome Free Prizes. Any Article C.O.D.

H. SAMUEL Ltd., (Dept. 199), Market St., Manchester.

WRITE TO-DAY!


# *Game and £500, thank you!* —win John Bull's Great

# £500 MUST BE WON

# X-WORD

MAKE up your mind to capture JOHN BULL'S Cr word "Championship" this week. All co petitors are on a level footing; the court already marked out (see below), the umpire ready a it's up to you to start the "play." Keep your eye on put your best foot forward and the "net" result may cas be that you will "bag" the £300 first!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 69 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may s one sixpenny double entry—entry f TWO attempts. No claims requir accepted after Thursday (noon).

Solution of puzzle will be publish on sale Thursday, July 3rd. Winne JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July Result of Crossword No. 66 app

## *An Extra £50 for Runners-up.*

**Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.**

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 69), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, June 26th.

**Entry MUST be sent by post.**

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and crossed — & Co. — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

**6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, July 10th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, July 15th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £1, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bull, to" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

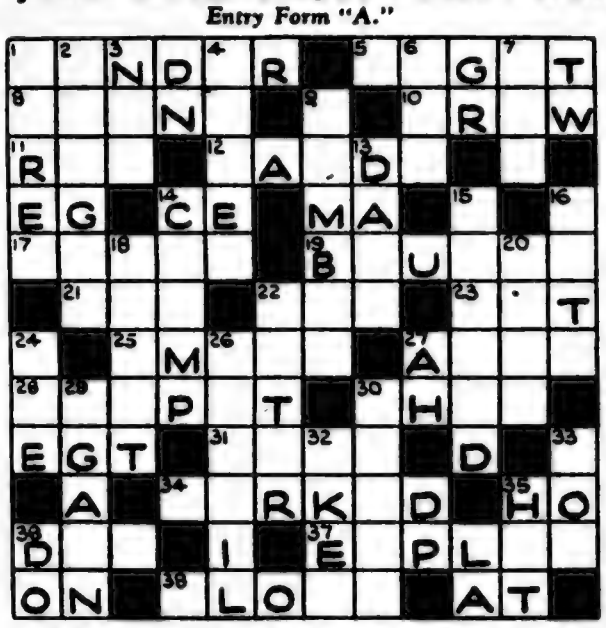
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

**Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), June 26th.**

CUT HERE

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 69

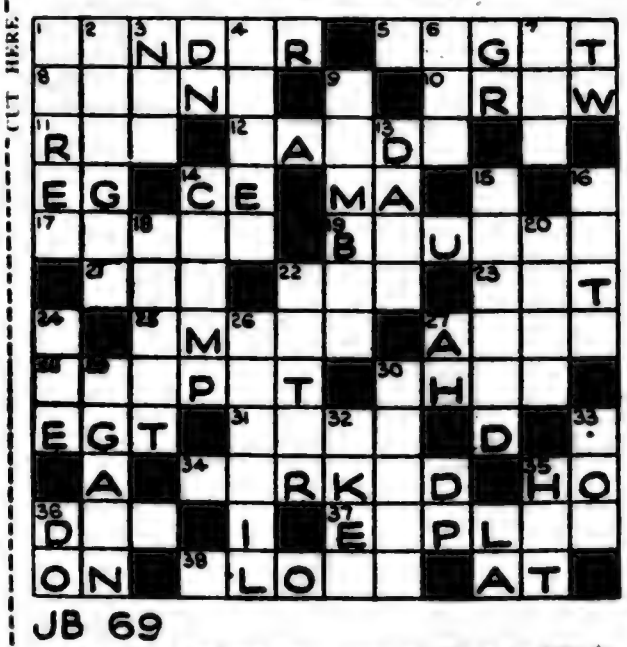
*Entry Form "A."*



JB 69

*Do not separate these forms.*

*Entry Form "B."*



JB 69

CUT HERE

I, entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**Closing Date Thursday (noon), June 26th.**

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

**Don't run the risk being late—fill in an post your coupons earl**

### *Clues Across.*

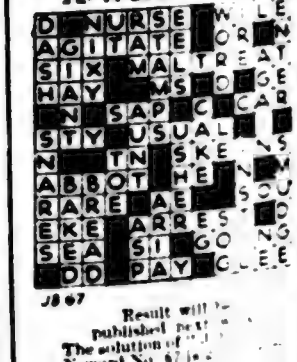
1. Part of a hand camera.
5. Distressing spectacle.
8. Correct.
10. Black bird.
11. Uncooked.
12. Brightly coloured.
17. Branding-iron does this.
19. Mark left by a blow.
21. Health resort.
22. Liquor.
23. Fisherman uses.
25. Stroll easily.
27. Tears.
28. Floor covering.
30. Outbuilding.
31. Where the sun sets.
34. Your shins may be in football.
36. Children do at seaside.
37. Give a job to.
38. Molten metal does this.

### *Clues Down.*

1. Railways get revenue from.
2. Idols.
3. Fresh.
4. Borders.
6. Very cold.
7. Long-handled implement.
9. You won't distinguish yourself if you do this.
12. Challenge.
14. Holds fast.
15. Moth gets 'round carpets these.
16. Appreciated by animal lovers.
18. Separate.
20. Flowers come from.
22. Change.
24. Found in a park.
26. Lament.
29. Sure move.
30. Stalks.
32. Hunting.
33. Gives pleasure.
35. Very warm.

*Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary* and *Nuttall's Dictionary* used in compiling

### Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 67.



JB 67

Result will be published next week. The solution of the X-word No. 67 is correct with as matter of fact all our X-word competitors wish to emphasise that claims are required for X-word, as all entries being carefully checked by our staff.

# Write to "John Bull" About It!

# The EDITOR REPLIES

*A. P. (Oxted).—"What most impresses the large number of Americans now in London?" The large number of Americans now in London*

*THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service*

PEGGY (Richmond).—"All I can get from him is a cold, icy stare." Why don't you try a few melting glances?

AMELIA (Westcliff).—"I intend to keep my youth at all cost." So you won't introduce him to anyone.

J. D. (Bosting).—"The horse is the friend of man." Especially a man who is a bookmaker.

MISS H. (Exeter).—"I don't intend to marry until I am thirty." It is better not to be thirty until you are married.

V. R. (Chiswick).—"Where stands England to-day?" In the tube, it often seems as if most of it was standing on our feet.

S. T. (Dewish).—"Smart clothes will turn any woman's head." Especially if the wearer happens to be her neighbour.

H. K. L. (London, W.).—"A new hotel is to have over 200 bathrooms." Fortunately there is no talk of arranging any early morning broadcasts.

C. T. (Eltham).—"I am sending you a picture of myself and daughter. Do you see the resemblance?" Nothing could be plainer.

R. E. (Cambridge).—"In spite of all that is said I think that marriage is a pretty good institution." Maybe, but who wants to live in an institution?

N. S. (Hanwell).—"We should not worry so much why girls leave home." Of course not, if they will make an effort to get back a little earlier.

D. K. M. (Elstree).—"A pair of silk stockings is produced by 333 silkworms." And another worm has to labour eight hours per day for the wherewithal.

H. H. (Oxford).—"A woman's chief weapon is her tongue." It sounds paradoxical, but no woman can hold her own in a battle of tongues.

P. N. (Fowey).—"Mussolini only allows married men to emigrate." He likes to keep those who recognise no thumb but his.

C. K. (Darwen).—"Wireless waves can promote the growth of the hair." On the other hand, the telephone tends to turn it grey.

G. N. (Chatham).—"When women used to go bathing they dressed like Mother Hubbard." And now they dress like that old lady's cupboard.

WARDEN (Epsom).—"The plate came back with a trouser button and a farthing in it." You seem to have been lucky to get the plate back at all.

A. P. (Andover).—"Parliamentary speeches are now recorded for preservation in our museums." Quite right, too. Posterity should know what we had to put up with.

R. E. C. (Streatham).—"I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite." There are surely a large number of intelligent girls in your part of London.

R. G. (Salford).—"There is nothing more objectionable than to see two women kissing." It always reminds us of two gigilists shaking hands before the starting gong is rung.

K. L. (Chicago).—"Women here are forming a secret society." But they will have to engage a man to keep the secret.

T. D. (Hounslow).—"I thirst for fame." It's the cheapest form of thirst we know.

D. M. (Lynton).—"The spider is the healthiest of insects." Yet its life often seems to be hanging by a thread.

S. L. (Bolton).—"I don't know what I should have done without my counsel." Probably about six months.

C. T. (London, S.).—"I have decided to become a vegetarian." Won't the butcher give you any more credit?

N. G. (Hyde).—"Living within one's income means living without worry." And without a lot of other things as well.

DAD (Wigan).—"My wife was a concert artiste, but gave up singing to look after our large family." Children are a comfort, aren't they?

NATURALIST (Cookham).—"Wasps are most troublesome at the latter end of the summer." And at the latter end of the wasps, too.

E. R. (Whitehall).—"A pair of rats devoured over a thousand income-tax demands." We could grow quite fond of an old couple like that.

L. E. (Maidstone).—"A man in Vienna who has married eight times has been certified insane by an expert." But why drag in the expert?

OFFICE-BOY (Clerkenwell).—"Our manager has stopped me from whistling music-hall airs in the office." Surely he doesn't expect grand opera for fourteen shillings a week.

H. Y. (Ascot).—"A man who sings at the top of his voice for two hours a day won't be troubled by chest complaints in his old age." He probably won't even be troubled by old age.

P. B. (Southsea).—"Who can tell a woman's age?" Her neighbours willingly.

S. T. (York).—"Unfortunately my wife has no sense of humour." Then how was it she married you?

MOTORIST (Banbury).—"The last part of my holiday was spent on a walking tour." Did you have the car with you?

LAWYER (Oxford).—"A husband has every legal right to look inside his wife's handbag." So all he needs is the pluck.

C. B. (Romford).—"Farthings seem to have vanished from our coinage." We have noticed the same phenomenon with other coins.

D. L. (Gourock).—"Morbidity is growing among our young folk." An extreme instance is the schoolboy who some day wants to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

M. O. (Camberwell).—"Sleeping-sickness is breaking out in London again." That is the danger of establishing Parliament in the centre of London.

H. N. (Ipswich).—"My wife's cakes always turn out like stones." You must invite your guests to "Take your pick" as you hand them round.

F. L. (Wimbledon).—"Science has discovered how coal can be saved." Landladies were at least a decade ahead of science on that one.

D. P. (Brighouse).—"My doctor friend who specialises in curing obesity is doing very well." He is living on the fat of the land, eh?

D. L. (Hampstead).—"My daughter's music lessons have cost me a pretty penny." Why, did the neighbours sue you?

D. D. (Esher).—"I have nothing in life to be thankful for. I can't even pay my bills." You be thankful you are not one of your creditors.

A. G. C. (Dorking).—"What can a poor pedestrian do, nowadays?" Why, become a rich motorist! Full directions on page 39.

G. V. (Clapham).—"A millionaire is wanted for producing operas in the provinces." Many poor men have been wanted for much smaller crimes.

J. H. (Ware).—"It's nonsense to say that there can be no change in the present high prices." We agree. They can always go higher.

S. M. (Bromley).—"After a study of physiognomy I am convinced that one's character is denoted on the lower part of the face." That's rather hard on those with a double chin.

T. P. (Box).—"In order to reach a ripe old age, one must give up meat, alcohol and tobacco." Those who continue to live after that will only have themselves to blame.

MRS. D. (Bristol).—"I detest seeing income-tax collectors rob my husband of his hard-earned cash." It is only natural that a wife should object to outsiders usurping her privileges.

A. B. (Bloomsbury).—"I haven't written to you for a long time." A delightfully long time.

S. M. (Bristol).—"A man's height varies from time to time." He is usually shortest at the end of the month.

W. W. (Islington).—"The L.C.C. is very inefficient." But it always seems to be mending its ways.

GILES (Wendover).—"How can a farmer achieve a good turnover?" With a plough, of course.

R. B. (Frome).—"Can you suggest a good name for my child who was born on the first of the month?" Bill.

H. C. (S.W.8).—"There is one place where jazz music is at its best." Just out of earshot, you mean.

B. Y. (Grimsby).—"Marvellous to relate, my dog has just died at the age of twenty-two." It is more marvellous that it did not die before.

MRS. B. S. (Newcastle).—"What do the majority of men want their wives to talk about?" About half as much as they do at present, we should say.

D. L. (Grantham).—"A man who was arrested for begging had a family of five girls and a car." No wonder he was begging.

W. D. (Daventry).—"It is not everybody who can deliver a wireless lecture." That's something to be thankful for.

D. T. (Perth).—"The modern woman spends far too much on having her hair waved." Money always did go to a woman's head.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

# Side-Slips

*Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent, and will be returned to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope, "Slip."*

IRISH WORLD AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL LIBERATOR:—"Following on yesterday's defeat of the Government in the Dail, a meeting of the Cabinet was HELD this morning."

EAST END NEWS:—"One or two furnished rooms, own GASOMETER."

COMPLETE NOVEL WEEKLY:—"SPRING had almost gone, and there was a hint of SUMMER in the late OCTOBER evening."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"Clothes, which had been hanging on the FLOOR, had FALLEN down."

CENTRAL SOMERSET GAZETTE:—"Following the service a short peal was RUNG on the bells."

SHANGHAI TIMES:—"Mrs. —— was WALKING along the road in her CAR."

DERBYSHIRE TIMES:—"TWO SWANS arrived from an unknown DESTINATION."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The owner sat gazing at the ruins in his SHIRT SLEEVES. Even the REST OF HIS CLOTHES HAD VANISHED."

EVESHAM JOURNAL AND FOUR SHIRES ADVERTISER:—"It was all very fine to have a fine education, but not so much good walking about afterwards with SWALLOW-TAILED TROUSERS and empty bellies."

# Miner's Home Gutted

## *John Bull Pays £120*

MR. JAMES MARSH, of 1, Woodland Road, Halton, Leeds, banked up the fire when returning home from work one night and retired to bed.

A little later flames were seen shooting up from the roof.

Mr. Marsh and his wife were forced to flee for their lives. Mrs. Marsh escaped the flames by leaping from a window in her night attire. The house was completely gutted.

In acknowledging JOHN BULL'S cheque for £120, Mr. Marsh says: "We are deeply grateful to JOHN BULL. I lost everything. But for you we would have to start all over again."

What about you? Have *you* registered for our Free Insurance?

## FIRE—UP to £400

*Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only of those who have received cheques on account of Fire damage.*

NEWMILLS, FIFE.—Mrs. A. McKeeman, 48, Preston Cres., Highvalleyfield.
YNYSHIR, RHONDDA.—Mrs. T. Matthews, 44, William St.
CWMBRAN, MON.—Mr. R. Donoghue, 33, Two Locks Rd.
KEIGHLEY.—Mr. A. Addyman, 20, Highfield Lane.
DALTON-IN-FURNESS.—Mr. G. W. Andrews, 76, Queen St.
DEWSBURY.—Mr. S. Thompson, 48, Lidgate Lane, Batley Carr.
WREXHAM.—Mr. A. Parry, 9, High St., Pentre Broughton.
BRADFORD.—Mr. A. Burton, 10, St. Michael's Rd.
CONSETT, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. Henry Dring, 22, Hydeside Grove.
PORT TALBOT, GLAM.—Mrs. A. Jones, 56, Elba Avenue, Margam.
BEDLINGTON.—Mr. A. Maw, 25, West St.
AYR.—Mrs. H. Turner, 86, York St. Lane.
NR. COLEFORD, GLOS.—Mr. J. Harris, Grove Cott., Five Acres.
TOLLERTON, NR. NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. J. L. Brain, Gorge Cott.
BOLNEY, SUSSEX.—Mrs. A. Meads, Gardener's Lodge, Coombe House.
CROBY, NR. LEICESTER.—Mrs. E. M. Spencer, Pool View, Markfield Rd.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. Hewitt, 2, Trinity St., Gibraltar St.
NOTTING HILL GATE, W.11.—Mrs. A. Vincent, 54, High St.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. L. Corris, 4, Cube St., Hulme.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Mr. F. Batty, 3, Mond Avenue, Bradford Moor.
BOVEY TRACEY, DEVON.—Mrs. W. Heale, 2, Pludda Cotts.
HALIFAX.—Mrs. E. Hinchcliffe, 1, Foundry St.
COWLEY, OXON.—Mrs. S. Bartlett, 14, Church St.
BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. J. Dobbins, 16, Bardykes Rd.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. G. S. Ascroft, 63, Island Rd., Garston.
PORT TALBOT, GLAM.—Mrs. G. West, 11, Heol y Glyn, Cymmer.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. B. Jones, 235, Lozells Rd., Handsworth.
MARKET DRAYTON, SALOP.—Mr. H. Roylance, 2, Dayland View.
NORTHOWRAM, NR. HALIFAX.—Mr. B. Wood, Upper Hall, Lumbrook.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. W. Brown, 1, Guildford Sq., Lynemouth.
LEEDS.—Mrs. A. Maw, 1, Thalia Place, Shakespeare St.
MIDLOTHIAN.—Mrs. H. Lockhart, 11, Victoria St., Roswell.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. S. Knight, 33, Brunswick St., Rock Ferry.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. H. Grundy, 11, Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate.
SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Mr. C. W. Brown, 33, Berkeley St.
BOLSWORTHY, DEVON.—Mr. J. May, Eastacombe Cott., Clawton.
RHONDDA VALLEY, GLAM.—Mrs. M. A. Jones, 53, Partridge Rd., Llwynypia.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Albert Hambden, 1, Pleasant Place, Carlton Rd.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. A. E. Bird, R2, Married Qtrs., Victoria Barracks.
RHONDDA, GLAM.—Mrs. W. Morris, 27, Alexandra Rd., Celli Pentre.

**Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Free.**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

*Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 21/6/30.

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 21/6/30.

# DRIVE YOUR CARES AWAY!

## £3,000 And Motor-Car Must Be Won

*Mr. John Irvine*

"I AM an ordinary man with no great experience of competitions"—those were the words written by Mr. John Irvine, a Paisley working carpenter, who secured a huge *Bullets* prize a few weeks ago.

"This shows," he continued, "that a First Prize is within the reach of everybody."

Within the reach of everybody this week JOHN BULL has placed a prize which is unique in all the eighteen years of *Bullets* history.

This mighty must-be-won award consists of £3,000 and a £270 motor-car, with the option of choosing instead an all cash prize of 3,000 guineas.

Now you are probably just an ordinary man or woman with no great experience of competitions. You read the pages of JOHN BULL and appreciate them—and sometimes your eye alights on the winning *Bullets*. Vaguely you wonder how on earth people win these wonderful prizes—and wonder, also, whether you could make your mark in our competition.

Why wonder? These winners are ordinary JOHN BULL readers like yourself—men and women of all types and classes, alike only in their proved ability to fit a few simple words together into a telling *Bullet*.

A Gateshead clerk, an Inverness furniture polisher, a Rock Ferry confectioner, a school-mistress of Ashton-under-Lyne, a Glasgow housepainter, a Norbury civil servant, a Barnsley miner and a chemist's assistant of Penygraig—these are just a few more of the ordinary sort of people who have walked off with a First Prize cheque this year and you can do the same

Full instructions and coupons await you on the opposite page, and now it remains for you to enter the best *Bullet* by Saturday, July 5. Half-an-hour of quiet thinking this evening may bring £3,000 and a motor-car to drive your cares away.

## £737 10s. AWARDED THIS WEEK!

**FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 761:**

**Mr. J. Darnborough, Cornforth Lane, Coxhoe, Durham.**

**Example:—BORROWING**

**Bullet:—FROM TILL, UNTIL——**

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**Miss M. HARRISON, 99, Brunswick Street, Sheffield.**
Example:—My Home
Bullet:—No Equal—We're Equals.

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

**Mr. F. DAVIS, Wallingfen Lane, Newport, E. Yorks.**
Example:—Punter's Mistake
Bullet:—He'll "Make It Again."

### 10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss E. A. BAIN, (Staff) Public School, Arcersier, N.S.
For Safety—Wise Parents "Uncover" Pitfalls.

A. M. CASELY, 12, Teviotdale Place, Edinburgh.
Borrowing—Builds City—Ruins Citizen.

H. COWLISHAW, 30, Danethorpe Vale, Sherwood, Nottingham.
Her Idea Of Life—Whizz—Whizz—Whizz—His!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. E. FERRIER, Westwick Fruit Farms, Westwick, Norfolk.
Eventually—She'll Alter *Our* "Age."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

G. HART, 7, George Street, Rugby.
Miss Innocence—Saucer Eyes, Yet Sorceress.

W. J. IRONS, "Greenwood," Ambleside Drive, Southend-on-Sea.
Advice To The Motorist—Better Behind Than "Beyond"!

J. LASSEY, 13, Longton Street, Blackburn.
Will Never Do—Anywhere, Doing Anything Anyhow.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

O. M. PARKER, 36, Meads Village, Eastbourne.
Her Idea Of Life—She Imparted—He Departed.

A. ROWLEY, 59, Hopwood Street, Barnsley.
Weak Argument—"I Never Argue!"

Mrs. M. F. WHERRY, 3, Derry Avenue, Plymouth.
Great Expectations—Baby Has Film *Lunge*.

### 10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. COPE, Military Hospital, nr. Wool, Dorset.
Borrowing—"Poverty Of Friends" Apparent.

E. CRICKMORE, 116, George Street, Altrincham, Ches.
A Challenge — Presumed — Car Behind Hooted.

K. DAVIE, 9, Victoria Road, Dundee, N.B.
My Home — Going — But Millennium's Coming!

E. FRANKLIN, 41, Allen Road, N.
He Had A Few Drinks And — Walked Straight—Into Trouble.

Miss A. HINDLEY, 40, Arlington Street, N.
Eventually—Hitting Woman Considered *Plucky*.

F. HURST, 64, Fountain Street, Ordsley.
To Conquer—She Stoops—Over Pram.

A. JOBLING, Yarm-on-Tees, Yorks.
Advice To The Motorist—Keep, Don't Show "Side."

T. J. H. JONES, 76, St. Mary's Road, Oxford.
Blow To Industry—Hammered Home—Homes "Hammered."

N. C. LAING, 8, Woodstock Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
My Home—"Harbour"—Wife "Harbourmaster."

G. T. NICKELS, 18, Gorse Drive, Stretford.
My Home—Fit For *My* "Hero."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED

A list of 230 Winners of "Bullets" Prize Volumes, 50 10/-, and 500 2/6 winners in No. 761, can be seen at these Offices.

**"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 766.**
*Not to be used for current competition.*

Tragedy Of Unemployment—Surprise For The Policeman—If She's Married Against Great Odds—Waste Of Energy—Provided Just Before—Signal Of Distress—Found—Up Goes The Price And—On A Desert Island To Fame—Miss Gadabout—Out In The Open—I'm Glad To Say—Whistling Away From The Office—Round Of Pleasure—Kept On—Her Baby—Doing Good—Man Without A Friend—Drives Me Mad—Food—Left Astray—The Great—"Help!"—Putting The Brake On—Watch Your Step, Or—Listening To The Music—Winning—Something To Remember.
(Closing Saturday, July 12.)

**The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 760 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. W. Archibald, 14, Rodney Street, Edinburgh.**

### GET THIS FREE HELP

WHEN on February 18 Mr. P. Taylor, 81, Sarehole Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, applied for a weekly supply of our free *Bullets Bulletin*, he laid the foundation of a fortune.

Acknowledging news of his prize of 2,500 Guineas in Competition No. 759, Mr. Taylor says: "The *Bulletin* has been mainly instrumental in assisting me to get the type of *Bullet* wanted.

Double your capacity to win by having a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*. Simply send P.O. to cover, payable to JOHN BULL (crossed "and Co." payable to JOHN BULL) as follows:—12 weeks 6d. P.O.—24 weeks 1s. P.O.—36 weeks 1s. 6d. P.O.—48 weeks 2s. P.O. For specimen copy only, apply as below, enclosing half-penny stamped addressed envelope.

Address: *Bulletin* Dept. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded to that in the opinion of the judges in conjunction with the Editor is the best Bullet, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be submitted on each coupon, and a postal order for 6d. must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each Bullet made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with the competition must be accepted as final and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER
"MARVELLOUS VALUE."
I received your Gift Package and am very pleased with contents, especially with the Pen. It has the smoothest point of any fountain pen I have ever used. Marvellous value.—T. L. L., Wandsworth, S.W.18.
CASH THE COUPONS
Everybody's cashing the coupons! A wonderful opportunity to become the possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen, with which is presented a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free! The Pen is fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Each is accompanied by written guarantee. The Pencil is beautifully plated, complete with
'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.
Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.
For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6
Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.
State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).
Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

£3,000 AND MOTOR-CAR FOR A FEW WORDS
STAGGERING 'BULLETS' FIRST MUST-BE-WON £3,000 AND A 'SWIFT' MOTOR-CAR
The "Migrant" Gas Saloon, value £270, is the luxurious yet economical 4-cylinder motor-car which Messrs. Swift of Coventry, Ltd., are specially supplying in colours to match. See it for yourself at the nearest motor dealer's.
Simple to drive, safe, clean, save a Swift—this sums up the all-weather car which, with the £3,000 cheque, may be yours.
OTHER PRIZES
1st Prize £200
3rd Prize £50
4th Prize £25
20 PRIZES OF £5
25 PRIZES OF £1
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
10,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
£3,000
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF 3,000 GUINEAS

## HOW TO WIN THIS WONDERFUL PRIZE

WHAT does JOHN BULL ask of you in exchange for this sensational prize of £3,000 and a £270 Motor-car? Simply a few well-chosen words upon one of the coupons below.

The art of making *Bullets* is one which you can master in a few minutes, for the rules could be simpler.

You have merely to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page, making sure that your meaning is clear and that the phrasing is neat and effective.

For instance, suppose you choose to build an effort on the *Example* PLAY UP, RAMSAY, the added words PARLIAMENT'S "SPECTATORS" AREN'T ASTRIDE would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Twenty-three hints on how to win will be found in the styles of the twenty-three winning *Bullets* published on the opposite page. Act on these hints for these are your best guide to this week's prize-list

Enter the best effort by Saturday, July 5, and one of the best of all *Bullet* prizes will be yours!

### Choose from these "Examples."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PLAY UP, RAMSAY | SCRATCHING HIS HEAD | GLARING EXAMPLE |
| TO US | TICKLISH JOB | MOTHER'S JOY |
| THINKING OF HOME | IF I'M IN THE NEXT WAR | CALL OF THE SEA |
| THE BLIND | | PEN v. SWORD |
| LETTING | SAT ON | IN DAYS TO COME |
| EMPIRE LOAF | REBELS | WORKS WONDERS |
| HIS MASTER | MESSAGE OF HOPE | AHEAD OF TIME |
| GIRL WHO CAN FLY | IN THE RUNNING | BREATH OF SCANDAL |
| EATING HIS HEART OUT | SENSIBLE COUPLE | OBLIGINGLY |
| | WEATHERING THE STORM | ON THE SEASIDE |
| THE NEXT GENERATION | | FRONT |
| | OFF THE MAP | WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR |
| SHE WENT BATHING, BUT | UNPARDONABLE | |
| | FOR WORK | STIRRING UP TROUBLE |
| OVERLOOKED | NO GOOD | IF EVERYBODY |
| FINE TONIC | ONLY TO BE EXPECTED | HELPED |

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

**Address Entry:—** "Bullets" No. 765, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

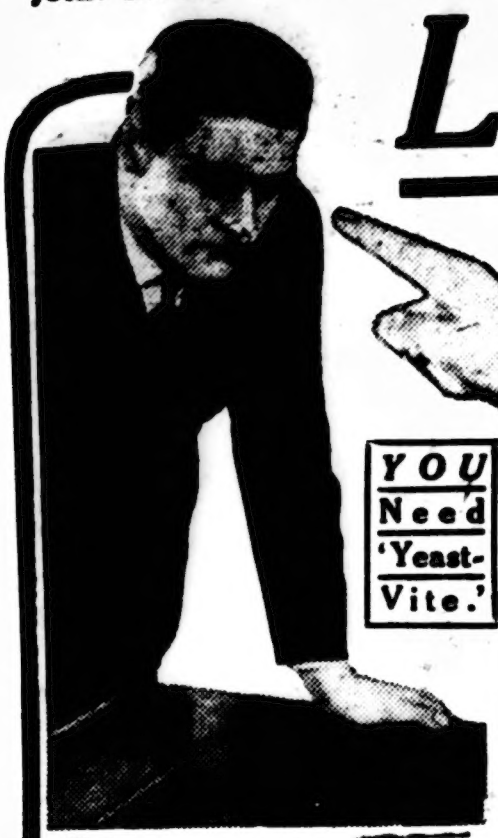
Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 5.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(765) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed _____
Address _____

**ENTRY FEE.**—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See Rules on page 38.

# LAUGH at Your 'OLD' Self!



**YOU Need 'Yeast-Vite.'**

**Every Man Should Read the Important Health Offer Below**

**Yeast-Vite is LIFE!**

*"Look at me as I WAS and as I am NOW Thanks to 'Yeast-Vite.'"*

*'Yeast-Vite' will make you WELL! Read the Amazing Quick-Health Time-table below. It is based on Scientific FACTS and upon the accumulated experience of Thousands and Thousands of Cases.*

## Yeast-Vite Gives You The Power!

The day of the 'interesting' invalid is past. Life, to-day, gives its Best Rewards to the Fit and Strong. You cannot *afford* to be Unwell, for the spirit of the Age demands Untiring Energy, Constant and Enthusiastic Endeavour and Unflagging Zeal. For your own sake and the sake of those who depend upon you *you must get well QUICKLY*. You must use the SUREST means and the SAFEST means of Restoring your Health—it is your most precious possession. You must take advantage of one of the greatest Health Discoveries within the reach of all. *YOU must take 'Yeast-Vite.'*

## YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

| FROM | TO | TIME |
|---|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS - - | *Glorious Relief* | In 5'15 MINUTES |
| HEADACHES - - | *Deliverance* | In 5'15 MINUTES |
| LASSITUDE - - - | *Vim and Vigour* | In 10'20 MINUTES |
| DEPRESSION - - | *Buoyant Energy* | In 10'20 MINUTES |
| "NERVES" - - - | *Steadiness* | In 10'20 MINUTES |
| INDIGESTION - - | *Keen Appetite* | In 15'30 MINUTES |
| EXHAUSTION - - | *Animation* | In 15'30 MINUTES |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | *Calm Repose* | In 30'60 MINUTES |
| RHEUMATISM - - | *Pain Relief* | In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION - | *Regularity* | In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD - | *Purification* | In 36 HOURS |

*No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture or formula, other than the registered trade mark "Yeast-Vite."*

## "I Was Like THAT a Short While Ago!"

*"See how 'old' I looked through Pain and Suffering. But Look at me NOW! I look years younger and I feel it too. I can smile all day, work with Pleasure and sleep soundly at night."*

**YOU Should Try Yeast-Vite, Too.**

## Yeast and Vitamins

Yeast-Vite is an accurate Scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ), Vitamins (especially the *All*-important Health Vitamin B), and other Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

## NO CURE NO PAY!

## £5000 Guarantee

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing British Offer ever made to the Public. For your Health's Sake accept it *TO-DAY*. Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's YFAST-VITE, Ltd., Watford, Herts, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question, under a £5,000 Guarantee.

## Yeast-Vite

BRAND

**TONIC TABLETS**

From all Chemists

1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Bottle

T.C.B.

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